

THE JESSE JAMES STORIES

A WEEKLY DEALING WITH THE DETECTION OF CRIME

Issued Weekly. By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at New York Post Office by STREET & SMITH, 238 William St., N. Y.

No. 23.

Price, Five Cents.



JIM KING UTTERED A CRY OF PAIN, AND THE KNIFE FELL FROM HIS HAND. HIS ARM HAD BEEN BROKEN BY A BULLET FROM THE PISTOL OF JESSE JAMES.—(CHAPTER XXVII.)

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Jesse James' Exploits.

By W. B. LAWSON.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A GAME FOR BIG STAKES.

"Place your bets, gentlemen! Place your bets!"

"This is a fair game, and no limit."

"Queen wins again! Luck is your way to-night, Laramie Joe. That's ten thousand you have won on the queen!"

The time was midnight. The place was the faro bank of Ted Austin, called "The Monte Carlo." Located on the main street of Deadwood. Half a score of players crowded around the table where Ted Austin, the proprietor, was dealing, and they were playing for high stakes. Most of them were miners who had struck it rich in the hills, and the bank was raking in their yellow dust by the handful on every turn of the cards.

The rude bar in front of the bank was also crowded with customers who were drinking freely. There were miners, scouts, prospectors, tenderfeet from the East mingling freely together, and among them were a number of rough-looking, heavily-armed men, who were known to be desperadoes, and some of them were wanted by the authorities for numerous crimes. Among the latter was Laramie Joe. He had killed several men, and had been

driven out of Wyoming by the vigilantes for horse stealing. He was a desperate character, and was known far and wide as a splendid shot with rifle or pistol.

Laramie Joe had dropped into the Monte Carlo to buck the tiger. He was well known there, but no one dared attempt his arrest.

Like most Western desperadoes, Joe was an inveterate gambler. This time he was well supplied with funds, and he was betting heavily. When he went into the game several others who had been playing dropped out, and stood by to watch his bets. He won from the start, and in a little while most of the other players were following his bets.

Laramie Joe began betting a hundred dollars at a time, and doubled his bets every time he won.

The desperado had not spoken a word, except to call his bets from the time he sat down at the table until Ted Austin told him he had won ten thousand on the queen.

"I'll break the bank before I quit," Austin replied, with a chuckle and a grin that distorted his face, until he looked like a wild animal.

"There is no limit in this game," Austin replied, with a smile of quiet confidence.

"And, when I break your bank, I'll stake the pile

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against your mascot. I'd rather win her than all your gold," said the desperado, and, as he spoke, he paused in his play long enough to glance up at the face of a beautiful young girl, who stood behind the chair of the dealer.

Ted Austin's glance followed that of the desperado, and an angry frown gathered on his face.

"Break the bank first!" was the gambler's only reply.

"Ten thousand on the queen!" cried Laramie Joe.

"Queen wins!"

"Twenty thousand on the ten!"

"Ten wins!"

The game was growing exciting now. The green table was almost covered with piles of gold and rolls of bills.

All the other players had dropped out, and were watching the play of Laramie Joe.

A whisper went around the room when the desperado declared that he would break the bank and then stake his pile against Austin's mascot. All the customers left the bar, and crowded about the gaming-table.

Every man in Deadwood knew Ted Austin's mascot, as she was called. The mascot was a young woman, with the face and form of a queen. Austin called her Clara, and introduced her as his daughter, but no one believed him. There was no resemblance between the two. The girl could not have been more than sixteen years of age when Austin brought her to Deadwood two years before. She lived alone with him, and had no companions of her own sex, except an old half-breed woman, who did the cooking and odd jobs about the house.

No one in Deadwood knew anything of the history of Ted Austin or the girl. There was a mystery about them, but Deadwood society had no time to look up the past lives of its citizens.

Austin opened a saloon with a faro bank in the rear. He dealt a square game, and his place soon became popular.

Once a gang of roughs tried to clean out the place.

Austin asked them to leave, and, when they refused, by firing a shot at him, he shot three of them dead and wounded five others. As soon as the dead and wounded were removed he resumed his place at the dealer's box, and cried: "Make your bets, gentlemen!" as though nothing unusual had occurred. That little incident had established the gambler's

reputation in the town, and after that no one asked any questions about his past record.

The mysterious girl who lived with the gambler always stood behind his chair, or sat at his side when he was dealing faro. That was how she came to be known as Ted Austin's mascot. Her bright eyes and winning smiles had caused many a player to place his bets carelessly.

Laramie Joe's face began to flush with the excitement as he continued to win. Every man in the room was now gathered around the card table watching the game.

No one noticed two tall, well-built strangers, dressed as cowboys, who came in, took a drink at the bar, and then joined the group of silent spectators about the faro table. The two men glanced at the faces of every man in the crowd. As the taller of the two strangers caught a glimpse of the repulsive face of Laramie Joe, he touched his companion on the arm and the two exchanged a meaning look, which was not observed by any one in the room.

The two strangers then seemingly became absorbed in the exciting game in progress.

"Fifty thousand I win! I'll play it on the queen!" cried the big desperado, who was growing nervous under the excitement.

"Queen wins!" called Austin, in the same quiet tone in which he would announce a bet of ten dollars.

"Queen wins and the bank is broke!"

"Eureka! Now, my gold against your daughter!"

"What do you mean?" asked Austin.

"That I will stake one hundred thousand dollars in gold and bills against the girl there, who is known as your mascot. If I win, the girl is mine. If I lose, the money is yours. Do we play?"

The girl, Clara, arose and whispered a word in the ear of Austin, then left the room.

"If I make the bet what game shall decide it?"

"Seven up!"

"Good! It is a bet. Cut the cards for the deal!"

Every man in the room was breathing hard with suppressed excitement now, except Ted Austin. Never before in the history of Deadwood had cards been played for such stakes.

Laramie Joe was getting very nervous. His hand trembled as he cut the cards, and he lost the

deal. Then he called for a glass of brandy, which he drank at a gulp.

Ted Austin dealt the cards with a steady hand, and made three points on the first hand.

Then the big desperado dealt, and made one point while the gambler made two.

The game now stood five to one in favor of Austin. He dealt the cards again, held the ace and deuce and won the game.

Laramie Joe, the desperado, had lost.

"You—"

Laramie Joe did not finish the sentence. As he threw down his cards with an oath, he raised his eyes until he met those of the gambler. The expression on Austin's face warned the desperado that an accusation of cheating would be fatal.

While the gambler gathered up the piles of money on the table, the crowd turned and made a rush to the bar. The excitement of the game had so unsteadied their nerves they wanted something to drink before resuming play.

Laramie Joe left the gaming-table, cursing his luck in an undertone. At the bar some one asked him why he wanted to win the girl.

The question angered him, and he blurted out a string of oaths in which he applied a vile epithet to the young woman who had just been wagered against his money.

"You are a liar, sir! You are an infamous liar and a scoundrel! I challenge you on the spot! You are not a gentleman, but I will fight you! That insult shall be wiped out in blood."

Laramie Joe sprang back and put his hand on his pistol, but he did not draw it. A tall man, with flowing white hair and beard, had denounced him as a liar and scoundrel, and had challenged him to fight. The man was a stranger. No one in the room knew him. He had come in during the excitement of the game just ended, and had escaped notice. As soon as the old man had entered the house he caught sight of the pretty face of Clara, the mascot. He stood and looked at her intently until she left the room, and then he passed his hands over his eyes, and seemed to be trying in vain to remember something.

"The hair, the eyes are the same. Oh, God, can it be the child, and in this place!" the old man had uttered to himself.

When he uncovered his eyes again Clara was

gone, and then the excitement around the card-table had attracted his attention for the first time. He mingled with the crowd watching the game without attracting attention to himself. He was standing near the bar after the game, and heard the oaths and jeers of Laramie Joe when he spoke of the girl he had just staked so much to win.

Instantly the old man's face flushed with anger, and his eyes flashed fire. His voice at once drew the attention of every man in the room when he spoke. It was the voice of a man of education and refinement, yet it was the voice of one born to command.

"So you want to fight a duel with me?" said Laramie Joe, with a sneer, when he had recovered from his surprise at the old man's sudden outburst.

"Yes, we will fight here and now, if you are not a coward!" cried the old man, hotly.

"I am always ready for a fight," replied the desperado.

"I am a stranger; will some one kindly volunteer to see fair play?" asked the old man, as he looked about the room.

"I will see that you get fair play."

The speaker was one of the two cowboys who had entered the Monte Carlo while the game of faro was in progress. As he spoke, he stepped to the side of the old man, and was followed by his companion.

Laramie Joe started at the sound of the cowboy's voice, but a critical look at his face seemed to reassure the desperado, and he said nothing.

The prospect of a fight stopped the faro game, and every man in the house was soon gathered around the white-haired stranger and the desperado.

"You are the challenged party, and you can name the weapons," said the old man.

"Pistols, of course," replied Joe.

"And the distance?"

"Suit yourself about that."

"Then I submit as the conditions that two pistols be laid on a table side by side, one to be loaded and the other empty. We are to be blindfolded, and stand on opposite sides of the table and each take a pistol from the two on the table. After we have selected our weapons blindfolded, we remove the bandages from our eyes, and fire at a signal. Do you accept the conditions?"

Laramie Joe hesitated a moment, and then he

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seemed to realize that it would not do for him to show the white feather there.

"Can I have a second?" he asked.

"Certainly, and a surgeon, if you wish."

The desperado stepped aside and spoke in whispers to two of the roughest-looking men in the room for a few moments, and then he answered:

"I accept the conditions."

The man who had volunteered to see that the old stranger received fair play whispered a word in the ear of his companion, and then he joined the second of Laramie Joe to arrange the pistols.

A table was placed in the center of the room, and two pistols were placed on it side by side. The pistols were just alike, except that one of them was loaded and the other was empty.

Then the two principals in this strange duel were carefully blindfolded, and placed on opposite sides of the table. When the word was given, they were to reach forward and select a weapon. To pick the empty pistol was death.

Just as the word was given for the duelists to choose their pistols, the lights in the room were blown out.

It was an exciting moment. The spectators did not know what to expect. For an instant every man held his breath in anxious suspense, and at the same time held his hand on his pistol.

Then the voice of the cowboy who was acting as the second of the aged stranger, broke the stillness.

"Put down those pistols, Joe Brady, or you are a dead man."

Following the command, the excited miners and cowboys in the room heard the sharp click of a pistol.

"Turn up the lights!"

Some one hastened to obey this order, and then the reason why Laramie Joe's companions had extinguished them was disclosed.

The moment the lights went out, the big desperado had snatched the bandage from his eyes, and had picked up both pistols from the table. In another moment he would have murdered the old man who challenged him to fight.

But the cowboy had been too quick for him. When the lights flashed up the cowboy was holding a cocked revolver against the desperado's breast.

"You have saved my life!" exclaimed the old man, as he took in the situation at a glance.

"Yes, it was fortunate for you that I happened to know what a treacherous scoundrel Joe Brady is," said the cowboy, quietly.

"Who are you?" asked the desperado, turning pale.

Several men who were evidently friends of Laramie Joe gathered around him. The cowboy lowered his pistol and turned away.

Quick as a flash the treacherous desperado raised his pistol and aimed at the man's back.

There was a flash and report, but they came from a pistol in the hands of the cowboy's companion, and Laramie Joe sank to the floor, with a bullet in his brain.

"A good shot, Frank," the tall cowboy said, quietly.

"That man is Jesse—"

The sentence was never finished. The man who spoke was one of the friends of Laramie Joe, and he was pulling a pistol from his belt. Like the sentence he did not get it out.

A bullet went crashing through his head, and he sank to the floor by the side of his dead leader.

"He started to say that I am Jesse James," said the tall cowboy, quietly, as he faced the crowd with a pistol in each hand.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A BRAVE DETECTIVE.

Around a small spring at the head of a dark and narrow ravine close beside the Deadwood trail, a dozen horsemen were camped. They were all dressed in the garb of cowboys or miners, but there was something in their appearance that showed at a glance that they did not follow those occupations for a living.

Every man in the party carried two big revolvers and a repeating rifle. The horses feeding close beside the camp were long-limbed, strong animals, capable of great speed and endurance.

It was evident that the men in the camp were getting impatient. They did not say much, but every one seemed to be expecting the arrival of somebody.

"Strange the boys have not come back," remarked a tall, slender man, who seemed to be in command of the camp.

"Oh, they'll turn up all right, Dick! They are probably having a little fun over in Deadwood."

"Just what I am afraid of," answered the man addressed as Dick, who was none other than Dick Little, first lieutenant of the James gang. "Jesse will get into some shooting scrape, give himself away and spoil our stagecoach game."

"Never fear, he'll take good care of himself. He knows there is big game in these hills. Listen, there they are now," said Lon Maxwell, as the sound of rapidly-approaching hoofbeats was heard.

A few moments later Jesse and Frank James rode into camp, and, dismounting, shook hands with their men.

"We got no information about the stages this trip, Dick," said Jesse. "We got mixed up in a little picnic, and had to leave town rather suddenly, but we'll strike a job of some kind before to-morrow night, or go out of business. By the way, I wonder what has become of my man Jules Beaubien; we ought to hear from him pretty soon. I got him a good place for himself and his vixenish little French wife up there at Mike Brannan's roadhouse, and, if he doesn't keep his word with me, he'll be out of a job, that's all. Hello! That's his signal now. Talk about the devil, and he always happens along."

While Jesse was speaking a whistle was heard coming from some point down the ravine. The outlaw drew a silver whistle from his pocket, and blew an answering signal.

A few moments later the bushes parted, and the half-breed appeared.

"Well, Jules, what news?"

"Good, captain! Rich prospectors from the East came to buy mines and build a railroad. Plenty of money, and they all wear diamonds."

"Where are they, Jules?"

"At the station. They are resting from their long ride. They take the morning stage up to Deadwood."

"Good; we will sell them a mine before they reach the town!"

"But that is not all. I have some more news."

"Out with it, then; don't be all day telling it."

"A detective from Chicago is coming on the up stage. He is a Pinkerton man employed by the company to help run down the stage robbers."

"How did you learn this?"

"From Long Dan, one of the new drivers. He saw the fellow down in the superintendent's office."

"What is the detective's name?"

"John Withers."

"Good! Now you can go back to the station, Jules, and keep your ears and eyes open. I must see you to-morrow, but if I don't, be sure and keep me posted."

Jules Beaubien turned and hurried back to Mike Brannan's stage roadhouse, where he was employed as man of all work.

"So John Withers is coming out to see us again. Guess he can find us," said Jesse to his brother and Dick Little.

"And the sooner he goes back to Chicago the better for us," replied Frank. "That chap sticks to a cold trail like a bloodhound, and he ain't afraid of the devil."

"He'll make trouble for us, if he stays out here," said Dick Little.

"Then we will meet the up stage and tell him to go back," said Jesse.

"Come, men, mount your horses; there is work to do."

In two minutes every man was mounted and ready for the order to move. Quickly Jesse explained to them that John Withers, a Pinkerton detective, who had given them much trouble in Missouri and Texas, was a passenger on the west-bound stage.

"That man may block our game, if he stays here. We will meet the stage and warn him to go back," said Jesse.

With Jesse and Frank James at the head of the column, the band of outlaws rode down the ravine in the direction of the stage trail.

One of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s big passenger and express stages was climbing slowly up a long hill twenty miles east of Deadwood. Every seat inside and on top was occupied, and most of the passengers were men going to Deadwood, or points farther west to seek their fortunes. There was very little baggage, and the express pouches were empty. No treasure was carried on the west-bound trips.

Three miles east of Mike Brannan's roadhouse, which was the last stop until Deadwood was reached, the trail ran for some distance close along the edge of a high precipice. On the other side of the trail there was a dense growth of brush and low mountain pines.

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The big stage was half way over this bit of dangerous road, when a dozen heavily-armed men suddenly sprang from the bushes and leveled their rifles at the driver and passengers.

"Hands up there everybody!" cried the leader of the outlaws.

The driver of the stage was an old timer, and had been held up before. He simply pulled up his team, and sat still on his box, knowing that the company had nothing to lose this time.

Most of the passengers were badly frightened.

"We are not going to rob you," said Jesse James to the frightened passengers, for the armed men were Jesse and his band.

"We are only a reception committee sent out to welcome one of your number to Deadwood. We have come prepared to give him a warm reception. The man we want is John Withers, a Pinkerton detective. The committee do not recognize him in his present disguise, so he will oblige them by making himself known."

No one made any response for a moment, and then the driver ventured the remark that the detective was not on board; he had probably waited for the next stage. But the suggestion passed unheeded.

"Hurry up there, Mr. Withers, the committee is getting impatient," said Jesse, but still there was no response.

"Get out of the stage every man of you and line up there in the road."

The outlaw was getting mad now, and this order he emphasized by leveling a pistol at the head of the man nearest the door. Instantly there was a lively scramble to get out of the stage. In a moment the passengers stood in a line in the road.

"Ready now, boys," Jesse cried to his men, and instantly a dozen rifles were leveled at the line of trembling passengers. Several of the latter began to beg for mercy, but they were roughly ordered to shut up.

"Now, gentlemen," said Jesse, addressing the passengers, "one of your number is John Withers, a detective. Unless he is pointed out to me, and surrendered without resistance, every man in that line will be shot dead."

Several of the passengers began to protest that there was no detective among their number, while others began to beg piteously for mercy.

But all were stopped short in a moment, when a slender, pale-faced young man stepped boldly from the line, and, facing Jesse James, said, quietly:

"I am John Withers, the detective."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Withers. We have been expecting you, and the boys decided to arrange a little reception in your honor."

Jesse James advanced a step, and extended his hand to the detective, who grasped it in a grip of steel, and then quick as lightning he tripped the outlaw, and threw him to the ground with great force. Then, before any one could divine his intention, the detective turned and leaped over the brink of the precipice, which at that point was nearly one hundred feet high.

A cry of horror came from the frightened passengers, as they saw the mad leap of the detective, who had quietly admitted his identity to save them from death, for no one knew better than John Withers that Jesse James always kept his word.

With a terrible oath the outlaw leader leaped to his feet with a revolver in each hand, and ran to the edge of the precipice, and looked over. The detective had disappeared from sight. Looking down the steep side of the cliff, Jesse could see where he had clutched a root here and a twig there to break the force of his fall, but not a sound came up from the rocky ravine one hundred feet below to tell of the fate of the daring detective.

Jesse was furious. "Why didn't you shoot him?" he cried to his men, as they gathered about him, but they quickly explained that the detective's leap was so sudden and so unexpected they did not have time to shoot him.

"Well, I guess he won't trouble us any more," said Frank James, as he took a look over the brink of the precipice.

"I've a good notion to pitch every one of these passengers over after him," cried Jesse, who was still mad with disappointment that the clever detective had escaped him so easily.

"Go through them, boys; we'll make them pay something for the fun."

In obedience to the order of their leader, the outlaws went through every passenger and robbed them of every dollar they had; but it was a light haul. Very few of them had more than a few dollars.

When every man had been searched, they were

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told to climb back into the stage in a hurry, and then the driver was ordered to go ahead.

* * * * *

By his pluck in admitting his identity, John Withers, the detective, had saved the lives of the men who had been his traveling companions on the stage-coach, and his daring leap over the precipice was the means of saving a number of wealthy prospectors from the East from being robbed.

When the stage reached Mike Brannan's the party of wealthy men, whose presence there had been reported to Jesse James by Jules Beaubien, were interested listeners to the story of the robbery. They wisely decided that as the stage had been robbed once it would probably be allowed to proceed to Deadwood without further molestation.

When the stage pulled out from Brannan's that night, the wealthy prospectors were among the passengers, and the faithful Jules did not find an opportunity of advising Jesse James of the change in their programme.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE HEIRESS.

The Deadwood stage bound east and the stage bound west reached Mike Brannan's roadhouse together at nine o'clock the following morning. Colorado Charley was on the box of the east-bound stage, and by his side rode two heavily-armed guards, for in the express company's iron boxes inside there were two or three fortunes in gold dust.

The passengers numbered only half a dozen, but nearly every one of them carried a fortune about his person.

The west-bound stage was crowded with passengers, but they carried little money and the express boxes were empty.

There was a lively hurrying to and fro at the roadhouse when the two stages drew up. All the passengers wanted breakfast, and they wanted it at once. While the cooks and waiters inside the house were rushing about like half-wild creatures, the stablemen outside were changing horses and feeding the tired animals just unhitched from the stages.

The two drivers and the guards had their meals brought to them on the boxes, for it was a rule of the company that valuable express matter must never be left unguarded for a moment.

It was a mere accident it happened that way, but it proved a fortunate accident that the two stages were turned partly around and backed up to the door of the roadhouse side by side in such a way that it was impossible to tell, by the position in which they were standing, which was the up coach and which the one bound down.

Suddenly the drivers, hostlers, passengers and every one about the roadhouse were startled by the sound of rapidly-approaching hoofbeats, and the sound of firearms being discharged, accompanied by loud shouts.

In a moment a score of horsemen appeared in sight.

They were coming from both directions, and riding down on the roadhouse at a rapid pace.

The startled passengers poured out of the dining-room, leaving their breakfast half finished, and in wild alarm asked one another what it all meant.

"Road agents!" said Colorado Charley, with a curse. "Curse 'em, they are catching us full-handed this time," muttered the brave old stage driver, who had so often outwitted these desperate highwaymen, and saved his company thousands of dollars. But the veteran driver did not lose his head at the approach of the robbers. With Colorado Charley to think was to act, and this time he did not hesitate an instant in carrying out his plan to save the property intrusted to the express company, which, for the time being at least, was in his care.

"Get on the upstage, quick, and make a show of fight," cried the brave driver to the two armed guards, who sat by his side on the box.

By this time the horses had been hitched to both stages, and were pulling on the reins impatient for the word to start. The guards obeyed Colorado Charley without a word, and, in a moment, he was alone on the stage that contained the treasure.

On came the band of road agents at a gallop, with Jesse James at the head of one party, and his brother Frank leading the others.

"Up with your hands, there, every man of you, and be quick about it!" shouted Jesse, as his men reined up in a position to command every exit from the roadhouse and surrounded the stages.

The two guards on the empty coach stood up, but did not drop their repeating rifles.

"Down with them guns, curse you!" cried Jesse, and his men covered the guards. The latter threw

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down their guns and raised their hands above their heads.

All this time Colorado Charley was sitting quietly on his box holding his reins tightly, while a quiet smile played over his face.

Jesse James started toward Charley's stage, followed by half a dozen of his men.

"Walk right in and help yourselves, gentlemen," said Charley. "I have the up stage this time, but you'll find a lot of empty bags and boxes inside. You may need them to carry off the stuff. My passengers are inside eating breakfast. Don't forget them; they are a soft lot of tenderfeet from the East, come to buy mines. And you may find a little dust in the down stage over there."

This little speech threw Jesse James and his men off their guard, just as Colorado Charley expected it would. They knew from experience that the express boxes on an up-bound stage were never worth the trouble of robbing, and Charley's manner was so frank they did not once suspect that he was deceiving them. A commotion among the frightened passengers just at that moment also helped out Colorado Charley in his plan to save the gold in his coach. Some of the passengers huddled together in the dining-room of the roadhouse were trying in vain to conceal some of their valuables.

Leaving four men to watch the two guards on the coach they supposed contained the booty, Jesse and the other members of the band rushed into the house to disarm and rob the passengers first.

"Fall into line out here, gentlemen, and hand over your dust in a hurry! Diamonds and gold watches will also be accepted," cried Jesse, as he leveled his pistol at the head of the man nearest the door. He expected to find the party of wealthy Eastern men, whose presence at the roadhouse had been reported to him by the faithful Jules.

As the outlaws ranged the terrified passengers in line, and began the work of relieving them of their money and valuables, Colorado Charley tightened the reins on his horses, and, turning to Jesse James, said, in his usual quiet drawl:

"As I have nothing for you this time, I'll drive along. Meet me on the down trip, and maybe the boxes will be full."

Cracking his whip, Charley turned his horses' heads toward Deadwood, and drove slowly away unmolested with the boxes of gold dust. He allowed

the horses to go along in a trot for two hundred yards. There he was at the head of a long down grade. He knew he had not a moment to lose, if he expected to reach Deadwood in safety with his valuable freight. In a few minutes, at most, the robbers would discover the trick by which he had fooled them, and then they would be after him at full speed. Capture then meant death for him as well as the loss of the gold.

Lashing his horses with the long whip, Charley started them down the grade on a dead run, and never allowed them to slacken speed until he pulled up in front of the company's office in Deadwood. When his clever ruse was discovered by a search of the empty stage, he was five miles away, and the robbers did not attempt to follow him.

Jesse James stood in the door of Mike Brannan's roadhouse and watched his men go through the crowd of passengers, taking every cent they had. Suddenly he felt a touch on the shoulder, and, turning, found himself face to face with a dark-faced man who had somehow been overlooked when the others were stood in line with their hands above their heads. The man wore a full beard, which grew so high up on his face, it almost concealed his small, snaky-looking black eyes.

"I want to speak with you!" said the dark-faced man.

"Who are you?" asked Jesse.

"That does not matter, I know you."

"Do you? Well, who am I?"

"You are Jesse James, but I will call you by any other name, if you wish it. Don't reach for your gun, I have you covered."

As the man spoke, he moved his right hand, which was inside the pocket of his sack coat.

Glancing down at the man's pocket, Jesse James saw the barrel of a long Derringer pistol protruding from a hole made for the purpose. The muzzle of the pistol was on a line with his body. The stranger had the drop.

The outlaw leader smiled.

"My men will riddle you with bullets, if I give the word," he said.

"Yes; but I would kill their leader before they could do it," replied the dark-faced man, quietly. "But let us be friends. I want to do you a service."

"What is it?"

"Divide a fortune with you."

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"That's very clever of you."

"I mean it. I need some help to get possession of the fortune. You can help me. Do so and we divide it equally. You are out here for money, so am I. You compel people to stand and deliver, but I am playing a different game. There is a cool million in cash at stake in my game. Are we two friends?"

"Yes. What is your game?"

"Here's my hand. We play together after this, win or lose."

The outlaw took the hand of the stranger.

"Now, tell me your game!"

A chorus of curses from his men just then attracted the attention of the outlaw leader. They had searched the express boxes on the stage, and found them empty. With the muzzle of a pistol at his head the driver had explained the clever ruse by which Colorado Charley had turned back with the Deadwood stage, and saved the gold on board.

Jesse James was furious when he learned the trick that had been played him.

Jesse called his men together, and they counted up the collection taken from the passengers. The amount exceeded forty thousand dollars. It was not a bad day's work.

Jesse went back to the dark-faced man, and again asked him to explain his game.

"There is a girl in Deadwood who is heiress to a million. I am her guardian. I must find her, and obtain her signature to certain papers, then the fortune will be mine. It may be difficult to get her in my power and obtain the signature. That is where I shall need your help. The rest will be easy."

"What is your name?"

"Jim Trainor."

"And the girl's name?"

"Clara Barnett."

"What is your plan?"

"It will take time to tell you. Where can I meet you to-night?"

"Come to the camp. Jules, the half-breed servant, you will find at work here, will guide you. Give him the password, 'Quantrell's boys,' and follow him. If you attempt any treachery, you die."

"I will be at your camp to-night."

At a word from their leader, the outlaws mounted and were soon riding rapidly away toward their camp in the hills.

As Jesse James mounted his horse, he said to himself:

"I wonder if Clara Barnett and Clara, the mascot, are the same?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

"THE FACE OF MY DEAD CHILD."

There was a scene of wild excitement in the Monte Carlo saloon and faro bank in Deadwood, when the tall cowboy announced that he was Jesse James.

With a revolver in each hand, the outlaw faced the crowd and backed up against the wall at one side of the room. Frank was at his side, revolvers in hand, but no one in the crowd made a move to molest them for a moment.

The men in the room seemed dazed by the announcement for an instant. The first man to recover was Jim King, a rough-looking desperado, with a bloody record, who was known as "Rustler Jim."

He was the right-hand man of Laramie Joe. The two had been the leaders of a band of thieves and desperadoes known as Rustlers. Laramie Joe had been the captain of the band, and Jim King was his lieutenant.

The gang had come to the Monte Carlo that night with a desperate purpose in view. Laramie Joe had taken a fancy to Ted Austin's pretty mascot, the girl Clara. He had determined to get possession of the girl, and force her to live with him as his wife.

He had only told Jim King of his intentions. The other members of the band were told to come prepared for desperate work, for which they would be well paid, but they were not told the nature of it.

Laramie Joe had two reasons for wanting to get the girl in his power. He treasured an old grudge against Ted Austin, who had once disarmed him and kicked him into the street, when he was trying to pick a quarrel with a tenderfoot.

The leader of the band of Rustlers loved gambling better than anything else except thieving, and he determined to try his luck at the bank before he made the attempt to get the girl away from the house. If he could win Ted Austin's money and take his girl the same night, his revenge would be complete.

When Laramie Joe made the proposition to stake his winnings against Ted Austin's mascot, he did not

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expect it to be accepted. On the contrary, he believed it would precipitate a fight, for which he had ordered his men to hold themselves in readiness. If there was a fight, he would leave his men to do his part of it, and, during the excitement that would follow, he would try to get possession of the girl, and make his escape from the house.

Jim King had listened to the plan of his captain in silence, but all the time he was working out a little scheme of his own in his wicked brain. He, too, had been smitten by the charms of Clara, the mascot. Rustler Jim had no love for his captain and leader, and he determined to get possession of the girl himself, if the opportunity offered.

The killing of Laramie Joe and one of his men was playing the game right into the hands of Jim King. When Jesse James announced his presence, Rustler Jim realized in a moment that his deal had come, and he held a loaded deck. A fight would hold the attention of the crowd, and in the excitement he could get out of the house unnoticed, and if he could find the girl he would be safely out of Deadwood with her before the fight was over.

"There is a fifty thousand dollar reward for the capture of that man," cried Jim King, when he recovered from the surprise of the cowboy's announcement of his identity.

"Why don't you capture him, then?" suggested a gruff miner.

No one made a move to attempt the capture of the two noted outlaws, and after a few moments Jesse and Frank put up their pistols and started toward the door.

Then the crowd seemed to regain courage. One member of the band of Rustlers present was a brother of the one shot dead a few moments before by Jesse James. He did not want to capture the great outlaw, but he wanted a chance to avenge the death of his brother.

As soon as Jesse and Frank turned toward the door this man drew a revolver and, taking quick aim, fired at Jesse. But his aim was bad, and before he could fire a second shot Jesse wheeled about and sent a bullet crashing through his brain.

Instantly all was confusion inside the room. Every one seemed to expect a general fight to follow. Those who did not care to take part in it rushed for the doors to get out of reach of stray bullets.

The first man out at the back door was Jim King, the Rustler. He did not wait to learn the fate of the reckless member of his band who had fired the shot at the great outlaw.

Most of the men in the room were miners who had no interest in the fight, and they sought cover rather than take any part in it, or take chances of getting hit by flying bullets.

With a silver-mounted pistol in each hand, Ted Austin sprang into the middle of the room, and yelled to the crowd that if they had any fighting to do to go out in the street to do it.

"Jesse James or any other man is free to come and go here without being molested," shouted Austin to the excited crowd. "I'll shoot any man who attempts to arrest him in my place. Put up your guns or get outside."

By the time Austin had finished his speech, the fighting was all over, and the room was almost cleared.

In the excitement, Jesse and his brother Frank had quietly slipped out and, mounting their horses tied near by, they rode rapidly out of town in the direction of their camp without being molested or attracting special attention.

Ted Austin went back to his faro-table, and ordered the men employed in the place to remove the bodies of Laramie Joe and his men to a back room, and then notify the coroner.

"Place your bets, gentlemen! Place your bets!" cried Austin, ten minutes later, as coolly as if nothing unusual had occurred in the place.

A moment after Austin took his seat at the faro-table, the old man who had challenged Laramie Joe to fight a duel approached him, and, in a trembling voice, asked:

"Will you tell me, sir, the name of the young girl I saw here a little while ago, and the name of her parents—of her mother?"

"What is that to you?" asked the gambler, looking up from the deal box, surprised.

"What is it to me? Everything, perhaps. I saw the face of that girl for a moment a little while ago, and it seemed to me strangely like the face of my dead child. She had a daughter who was stolen and taken away to the West, they told me. I have hunted for her a year. Tell me, is my search to be rewarded at last? Tell me the name of the girl who is so much like my dead child. Speak, man, speak!"

The old man was trembling with excitement now, and there was an eager, expectant look in his eyes.

"Who are you?" asked Austin.

"Barnett is my name—Colonel Barnett, from Iowa."

"And what is the name of the girl you seek?"

"I do not know. She may bear her mother's name. They tell me she has no right to any other. Oh, my poor, wronged Clara!"

The old man wiped the tears from his eyes, but his voice was trembling with emotion when he went on.

"The child was stolen and carried away, I know not where, but that must be she. I could not be mistaken in the face or the eyes."

"Tell me more of your story. What name should the girl have a right to bear?"

"It is a long, sad story."

"But if I know more of it, I may be able to help you in your search. Why do you wish to find the child?"

"To save her from a scoundrel who is trying to get possession of a fortune, which should be hers."

"Tell me the story, I am growing interested now."

"Twenty years ago my daughter Clara, who was only twenty years old, ran away from home with a man named George Waters. I traced them to St. Louis, but there I lost the trail and never found my daughter. Two years later, I received a letter from her, a pitying appeal for me to come to her at once. She was dying, she wrote, and wanted me to come and take her child, her little Clara. In the letter she did not once mention the name of the man who had taken her away from home. I went to St. Louis at once, and with great difficulty found the place where my daughter had lived and died, for she was dead when I got there. Her child was gone. A man whose name I learned was Trainor had taken her away. I found him at last, and he told me the child had been stolen from him, and he did not know where it was. Later, I learned that Waters was dead. He died a few months before the death of Clara, my daughter. There was some mystery about his death which was never solved. He had inherited a fortune of a million dollars, and shortly before his death had made a will leaving it all to the child, his child and Clara's, and had appointed this man Trainor the guardian of the child and the

custodian of her fortune. Then I learned, and the news almost broke my heart, that Waters had never married my child. At the approach of death, it seems, he had attempted to atone for his great wrong, in a measure, by leaving the fortune he had inherited to their child."

"Where is this man Trainor?"

"I do not know. He has squandered a large part of the fortune intrusted to his care, I have been told, and now he is trying to find the girl and get her in his power, in order that he may in some way get possession of all the money left her."

"Who told you that Waters did not marry your daughter?"

"Jim Trainor."

"Then Jim Trainor lied."

"How do you know?"

"I have seen their marriage certificate."

"Then, why did he leave her to die alone?"

"Because of the lies told him by this man Jim Trainor."

"And the child, tell me of her. If you know all this you must know something of the child. Tell me, is she here? It will be like seeing the spirit of my own dear daughter to look into the eyes of her child."

"The girl you saw in this room a little while ago was your granddaughter. But she is known by the name of her mother, Clara Barnett. There is a reason for that which I may tell you some other time."

"Where is she? Take me to her at once."

"First, promise me one thing. You are to make no attempt to take her away from me until you have heard my story of how she came to be here. Then she shall decide which of us has the better claim."

"I promise anything you wish, only let me see her at once and hear the sound of her voice."

Ted Austin led the way from the gambling-room through a back door, and along a covered passage-way to the neat little cottage in the rear of the gambling-house, where he lived.

He went to the door of Clara's room, and knocked. There was no response. Then he called her name several times, but there was no answer.

Throwing his weight against the door, Ted Austin broke it down, and dashed into the room, followed

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by Colonel Barnett. Both glanced around the apartment hastily.

The room was empty.

* * * * *

Jesse James spoke to his brother Frank in a low tone, and they stepped to one side of the camp out of earshot of their comrades.

"Frank, did you notice the man I was talking to at the roadhouse this morning while the boys were going through the passengers?"

"Yes, I looked him over rather carefully."

"And what do you think of him?"

"That he is as treacherous as an Indian."

"My opinion exactly."

"Why do you ask about him?"

"He made me a business proposition which I have been thinking over. I expect him at the camp tonight to talk it over."

"What is the nature of the business?"

"He says there is a girl up in Deadwood who is heiress to a million dollars, and if he can get her signature to certain papers he can get possession of the money. He wants us to help him find the girl for which he purposes to divide the money equally."

"Who is the girl?"

"I am not sure, but I think she is the girl at the gambling-house of Ted Austin."

"And he wants us to help him get her in his power so he can take her money?"

"That is a plain way of putting it."

"Well, I think it will be well to watch him, when it comes to the division of the money."

"Just what I was thinking, and, if I knew the girl was the same, I would have nothing to do with the business. That is a clever girl up there."

"And no one has ever accused the James boys of harming a woman."

"I don't intend they ever shall. Shake hands on that. I'll see this fellow, and learn his game. If he means any harm to that girl, well, I'll block his game at the proper time."

Jesse and Frank turned back to the camp, where the boys were celebrating the successful raid on the travelers at Mike Brannan's roadhouse that morning.

A moment later a whistle was heard a short distance down the gulch.

"That is the signal of Jules," said Jesse and he answered it at once.

In a moment the signal was repeated twice, which was to indicate that Jules Beaubien, the spy, was not alone. Jesse gave the signal for them to approach, and a few moments later the half-breed entered the camp, accompanied by Jim Trainor.

"This is a cosy place you have here. No detective will ever find this retreat," said Trainor.

"And, if one did find it, he would never find another camp," replied Jesse, in a significant tone.

The outlaw did not care to have all his men learn the object of the visit of the man Trainor. He called the fellow aside, and, accompanied by Frank, they walked some distance down the gulch, almost out of sight of the camp.

"What a gloomy place!", exclaimed Trainor, as he glanced up at the tall, overhanging cliffs.

"Yes, it is called Shallow Gulch," replied Jesse.

Reaching one of the darkest and most secluded spots in the gulch, Jesse turned and, facing the man who called himself Jim Trainor, told him to go on and tell his story of the missing heiress and his plan to get possession of her fortune.

Trainor then told the history of the marriage of George Waters and Clara Barnett, the birth of their child and the subsequent separation of the husband and wife.

"Soon after the separation," said Trainor, "Waters came into the possession of a fortune of one million dollars left him by his grandfather. The first thing he did after getting possession of the fortune, which was in stocks, bonds and cash, was to make a will, leaving everything to his child in the event of his death. I was his only friend, and he named me as guardian of the child in the event of the death of the mother, and I was made custodian of the money until the girl was of legal age. Soon after making his will Waters died suddenly. Shortly afterward the mother died, and I took the child to have her cared for. A few days after I took the child she was stolen and carried away. I have hunted for her everywhere, and have advertised big rewards for her recovery without success. Recent developments led me to believe that the child was stolen by Ted Austin, a gambler, who was once in love with the mother. I have traced this man Austin to Deadwood, and I believe he still has the child or knows her whereabouts. He knows nothing of the fortune awaiting her. Having the money in my possession now, I might go on and use it, but that

would not be legal without the consent of the girl, and meddling people might talk. I thought it would be better to find the girl, and have her sign some papers which I have already drawn up. If it cannot be arranged any other way, I would be willing to marry the girl, if she is as pretty as her mother was."

"You say the child's father died suddenly soon after he made his will?" asked Jesse, in a tone which did not conceal the contempt he felt for the man.

"Yes, he only lived a week afterward."

"You poisoned him, I suppose, for fear he would change his mind?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I think you are too cowardly to kill a man, except by poison or some other easy and treacherous method."

"The man died a natural death."

"Oh, I have no doubt that was certified to by a doctor you hired for the purpose."

"Do you believe I would murder my best friend?"

"Yes, if there was enough money in the job, and it was as easy to escape detection as it seems to have been in this case. I have no doubt you murdered the child's mother, also, in order to leave the field clear for you to steal this money."

"Beware how you talk to me!" and Trainor made a motion as if he would draw a pistol.

Before his hand could reach his pocket, he was looking down the muzzle of Jesse James' big revolver, and the outlaw said, very quietly: "Make a move to draw a weapon and I'll leave your dirty carcass here in the gulch for the coyotes to feed on."

Trainor held tip his hands and said nothing.

"Now, a word of advice to you, Mr. Trainor. I shall not go in with you on your game to steal this girl's fortune and murder her, if she does not give it up quietly, for that is your plan, I believe. I know the girl you are looking for and I am her friend. If you dare to harm a hair of her head, or touch a dollar of her fortune, I will make coyote meat of you. The only reason I don't shoot you down where you stand is that it would be a waste of valuable ammunition. Get out of this part of the country on the first stage, or there will be another sudden death. You can go now."

Jim Trainor turned and slunk away in the dark-

ness without a word, but he had no idea of leaving that part of the country until he had found Clara Barnett.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE GHOST OF SHADOW GULCH—A BATTLE WITH THE RUSTLERS.

The moon was shining brightly when Jesse and Frank James started back up the gulch toward their camp. Looking about them in the moonlight they could understand why the place was called Shadow Gulch. The cliffs, the rocks, and the trees cast long and weird shadows across the narrow ravine. To the superstitious the place would have looked ghost-like.

"What is that?"

Frank suddenly touched Jesse on the arm, and, speaking in a whisper, pointed to a dark-looking object on top of a boulder half-way up the side of the cliff.

The object, whatever it was, was moving slowly. Its outlines, revealed in the moonlight, were those of a man.

"Looks like an Indian!" said Jesse, in a whisper.

"There are no Indians about here."

"That is so."

"A good view of our camp can be obtained from that point. I was up there yesterday."

"Then it was some infernal spy or detective. I'll send a bullet through him, and ask his business afterward."

Jesse drew a revolver, and, taking quick aim, fired at the man, who was less than two hundred feet away.

At the report of the pistol, the man on the rock slowly turned his head, and in the bright moonlight his face was clearly revealed.

"Great Heaven!" cried Jesse, "it is the ghost of Withers, the detective."

For several minutes the two outlaws stood still, their eyes fixed on the face and form of the man now so plainly revealed in the moonlight.

Frank was the first to move and speak.

"I think that is a pretty live ghost. Give him another shot."

Jesse's hand trembled a little, as he again raised his revolver and fired at the man or ghost on the rock.

When the echoes of the loud report died away

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down the gulch, a low mocking laugh came from the man who had formed a target for the shot.

"Give him another," cried Frank, who could not repress a vague feeling of dread.

The two outlaws both drew their pistols, but when they raised them to take aim they found their iron nerves a trifle ^{in all} to get ~~ay~~.

Two shots rang ~~ou~~ together, and when the smoke cleared away the man on the rock had disappeared as completely as if a crevice had opened and swallowed him.

The two outlaws waited for ten minutes, but the mysterious individual did not appear again.

The shots had aroused the members of the band in camp, and they were scattering in all directions to find their leaders and learn the cause of the shooting.

Jesse answered the signals of Dick Little and Lon Maxwell, his trusted lieutenants, to assure the gang of the safety of himself and Frank.

"Strange!"

That was the only comment of Frank as the outlaws again started toward the camp.

"Ghost or human, that was the face of John Withers, the detective. I would have sworn that no man who went over the cliff where he did could live to tell the tale."

"Say nothing to the men in camp about what we have seen," suggested Frank.

"All right, but we are not safe here, if John Withers, in the flesh or spirit, has discovered our hiding-place. He will be down on us with a posse, and a fight now, in which some of our men might be wounded, would spoil all our plans. I must take a ride over to Deadwood, disguised as a miner from the hills."

"Why do want to go to Deadwood?"

"To warn Clara, the mascot, and Ted Austin of that human hyena, Trainor."

"Good! I'll try to find a new camp while you are gone."

When Jesse James rode into Deadwood carefully disguised as a miner from the hills, he found business almost suspended, and the town in a condition of wild excitement.

Ted Austin's mascot, the pretty Clara, had been stolen by Jim King and his band of Rustlers. Taking advantage of the excitement at the time of the

abduction of the girl, the Rustlers had also carried off a number of the best horses they could find.

At daylight the next morning the entire population of Deadwood had been aroused, and in an hour half a dozen volunteer searching parties had been organized, and were looking for the trail of the Rustlers.

When Jesse James arrived in town, one of these searching parties had just returned with the information that they had found the trail of the main body of the Rustlers, and had followed them to their retreat in the hills, where they dared not attack them without a larger force. They had left two men to watch the camp, and had come back for help.

A large party was being organized to ride at once to the hiding-place of the Rustlers to recover Clara, the mascot, first, and then the stolen horses, and later on to hang the Rustlers to the most convenient limb. Ted Austin and Colonel Barnett, the grandfather of Clara, were to lead the party.

The sudden and unexpected appearance of an unknown miner, well mounted and well armed, on the streets of Deadwood at that time aroused suspicion, and Jesse soon discovered that he was the object of many questioning glances.

To avert suspicion, he made a few inquiries about the purpose for which the party was being organized, and, when informed, at once volunteered to join the expedition.

"Better show your credentials first," said an old miner. "How do we know you ain't one o' them Rustlers sent in here to get wind o' things?"

Jesse's hand was on the butt of his revolver in an instant while an angry frown passed over his face, but he made no reply.

"Here's the captain, better show him your credentials, if you want to go along," said another man, as Ted Austin came up.

Austin merely glanced at the new-comer, and said:

"We want no more men unless Jesse James was here and would join us. He is the best man I know to cope with these bloodthirsty devils."

"Well, captain, I'm sorry Jesse ain't here. I'm pretty sure from what I've heard of the man that he would go along. But I would be mighty glad of a chance to help wipe out that gang of Rustlers. They've been interfering with my business of late."

If you'll take a look at my credentials in private maybe you'll decide to take me along."

Something in the speaker's manner attracted the attention of Ted Austin, and he looked at the man closely. A faint smile broke over his face, and, with a twinkle in his eye, he turned to the alleged miner and said:

"Well, as we can't find Jesse James, to invite him to go along, I guess we'll take you in his place. You can go."

Jesse shot a quick questioning glance at Austin. The eyes of the two men met for an instant. The glance of the gambler told the outlaw as plain as words:

"I know you, but your secret is safe with me. Your identity will not be betrayed."

Jesse understood the meaning of the look, and moved away to mingle with the other members of the party and learn all he could of the desperate work of the band of Rustlers.

In less than half an hour the party was ready, and the order to mount was given. Thirty well-armed men rode out of Deadwood with Ted Austin at their head. Several of them carried long ropes fastened to their saddles, and looking at the stern faces of the men, it was easy to guess the fate in store for every member of the band of Rustlers who fell into their hands.

It was twenty miles to the hiding-place of Jim King and his band, the men who formerly followed the leadership of Laramie Joe. The distance was covered in less than two hours.

As the party approached the gulch where the Rustlers were in camp, the two men who had been left to watch were met. They reported that the Rustlers were moving up on higher ground, from which they could command a view of every approach and secure a better position in which to fight, if they were cornered and forced into a fight.

Every man in the party knew that the cowardly horse thieves would not fight unless they were cornered, so it was deemed best to use a little strategy and try to capture them all together before they had time to scatter to the mountains, where it would be almost impossible to follow them.

An old miner, who knew that section of the country well, was selected to act as guide. From the direction in which the Rustlers went, when they left their camp in the gulch, it was evident they were

making for the top of a cliff above the head of the gulch. If they could once conceal themselves among the rocks there, they could hold out against the attacking party as long as their water and provisions held out.

The first thing to do was to ~~an't~~ rob ~~lara~~ Barnett alive, and unharmed, if possible. ~~and~~ The men were cautioned not to risk any random shots, if they came in sight of King, or any of his men.

The old miner selected for a guide, led the party by a narrow path direct to the plain above the cliff, which was partly concealed by a scattering growth of trees and sage brush. The men were then formed in a line long enough to cut off escape, and the order to advance was given.

As they approached the edge of the little grove that concealed the new hiding-place of the Rustlers, Austin and his men were made aware of the presence of King and his gang.

A few scattering rifle-shots, at long range, that did no damage, warned them that the men they were after were there and had decided to make a fight. Every Rustler in the gang knew what his fate would be if he was captured alive. They preferred death by a bullet to hanging.

Austin knew his men were in no mood for delay, and, as soon as the first shots were fired, he gave the order for a charge on the camp.

With a shout the men urged their horses forward, Ted Austin and Jesse James riding well in advance of the line.

In a moment they were right on the camp of the Rustlers, who had been taken too suddenly to seek shelter among the rocks nearer the edge of the cliff.

As they rode forward, both Jesse James and Ted Austin reserved their fire, and glanced rapidly in all directions for a sight of Jim King and the girl Clara.

In ten seconds the camp of the outlaws had been carried by storm, half their number shot dead and the others captured.

Jim King, the leader of the band, had not been found.

There was no trace of Clara Barnett.

At a word from Austin the men scattered and began a search among the trees and rocks in all directions. Some one recognized the horse King always rode among those in the camp. The leader of the Rustlers was not far away.

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"There he goes, the cur!" shouted one of the miners, pointing toward the brink of the cliff.

Jim King, with Clara Barnett in his arms, a cloth tied over her mouth so she could make no outcry, was dodging in and out among the rocks and sage brush, trying to get away. He had deserted his men and fled at the approach of the pursuing party.

A dozen men, led by Austin and Jesse James, ran after King. The Rustler chief saw he was cornered, and facing about held the helpless girl between his body and the pursuers so they could not shoot him.

He was standing on the very brink of the cliff. Suddenly he raised the terrified and helpless girl in his arms, and shouted to the men who were closing in on him:

"Come a step nearer and I will throw the girl over."

"Stop, men, for God's sake, stop! Save that child!" cried Colonel Barnett, who had kept pace with the leaders of the searching party.

King began to parley with the men who had him cornered. The life of the girl was in his power. He wanted to make it the price of his escape. If he was assured of his life and liberty, he would release the girl. If not, he would jump over the cliff with her in his arms. That was the proposition he made to Ted Austin.

While King was talking one of the cowboys in the party had crept up to within fifty feet of him without being detected by the leader of the Rustlers.

The cowboy was concealed behind a rock. Suddenly he rose to his feet. A long rope circled around his head for an instant, then shot forward, swift and straight as an arrow, and the circling loop fell around the neck of Jim King.

The cowboy drew the rope tight.

In an instant the Rustler chief had realized his danger.

He snatched from his belt a long, glittering knife, and raised it aloft. One stroke would sever the rope or pierce the heart of Clara Barnett, who was still struggling in his arms.

Ted Austin turned his head with a groan. Old Colonel Barnett cried aloud, begging the outlaw to spare the life of the girl.

Just at that moment Clara managed in some way to remove the gag from her mouth, and uttered one piercing scream of terror.

The knife was poised in the air for the fraction of a moment only.

Jesse James had drawn his revolver at the same instant that Jim King had snatched the knife from his belt.

A shot rang out.

Jim King uttered a cry of pain, and the knife fell from his hand as his arm dropped to his side, broken by a bullet from the pistol of Jesse James.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TED AUSTIN'S AVOWAL.

The shot from the revolver of Jesse James that broke the arm of Jim King was not fired a moment too soon. The desperate scoundrel, realizing that he was cornered, with no chance of getting away with or without the girl, had suddenly resolved to plunge his knife into the heart of Clara Barnett and kill her there in the presence of her friends.

But the desperate Rustler's murderous purpose was foiled by the steady nerves and splendid aim of the prince of road-agents.

When the bullet crashed through the bone of his arm, Jim King let the girl fall to the ground, and, turning, he started toward the brink of the cliff. He ran only a few steps when he stopped, and drawing a pistol with his left hand, turned and faced his pursuers. But he was too late. A half-dozen men had sprang forward the moment he dropped the girl, and before he could raise his pistol to take aim he was overpowered and borne to the ground.

The struggles of the wounded Rustler were of no avail. In less time than it takes to tell it, he was securely bound and disarmed.

Ted Austin was the first to reach Clara Barnett, and was closely followed by her aged grandfather, who had been all the time in the very front of the fight with the desperadoes. They lifted her tenderly from the ground, and in a moment had cut the cords with which she had been bound by her captors.

As soon as it was found that the girl was safe and was unharmed, one of the men who had led in the search, approached Ted Austin and asked if he could say a word.

"What is it?"

"The boys wanted me to say if you and the old gentleman and the strangers here could take the lady back to town the rest of us would attend to

these fellows," and the speaker pointed toward the captured Rustlers.

"You must take them to town and give them a fair trial, Bill," said Austin.

"Well, the boys ain't no objection to givin' 'em a fair trial, captain, but takin' 'em back to town is a lot of trouble for no good. The court can meet in the gulch down here, and there is plenty of timber close by."

Ted Austin knew very well what the old miner meant, and what the result of the trial would be, but he was powerless to prevent it if he had so desired. He would have been willing to take the prisoners to Deadwood and give them the benefit of a trial in the courts, but the men who had suffered so much from the depredations of these outlaws were in no humor for delay in meting out the punishment their crimes deserved.

"Very well, Bill, we will take the young lady home safely, but be sure you give them a trial. They are sneaks, I know, but give them a square deal on the last shuffle."

"All right, captain, I'll see that the boys do not stack the cards ag'in' 'em."

"I think I'll prove a good witness at the trial. I'll stay if there is no objection!" said Jesse James, who was known to the men in the party simply as the stranger, none of them having suspected his identity.

"Well, pard, from the way you shoot, I guess you won't be a bad man to have around. If it had not been for your shot a bit ago, we might have had one prisoner less to try. You can stay. I know the boys won't object, now they have seen you shoot."

While Colonel Barnett, Ted Austin and Clara, the mascot, rode away on the return trip to Deadwood, the posse of miners and cattlemen led the prisoners down into the narrow gulch where a few cottonwood trees grew. The prisoners were sullen and silent. They knew well what fate was in store for them, and they knew that appeals for mercy to those stern-faced miners would be in vain. The only thing they could do now to save their reputation was to die game, and that each one of them resolved to do.

A bit of open ground in the midst of a little grove of trees was soon reached, and there the little party came to a halt. A circle was soon formed about the prisoners, and the oldest man among the party of miners was selected to act as master of ceremonies.

"Boys, the captain said we'd better give the

coyotes a square deal," said the old man, stepping forward. "It's wastin' time to my mind, but I told him we'd do it. The thing to do is to select a jury, name some one to talk for 'em, and give 'em a trial. The jury may be a biased one, because there ain't many men here the Rustlers ain't robbed, but it's the best we can do, and they'll have to put up with it."

There was a murmur of disapproval at the delay for a trial, but a jury was selected, the old miner, called Bill, was appointed judge, and the prisoners were called up to plead.

"We've got to have some one to act as lawyer for the people, to examine the witnesses," said the judge. "The stranger there, if he can talk as well as he can shoot, will be the man for us, I think."

This suggestion pleased the crowd, and Jesse James was selected to act as prosecuting attorney at the trial of the Rustlers.

The prisoners refused to enter any plea, maintaining a stolid silence throughout the proceedings.

A number of the miners and cattlemen present were called upon to testify to the many robberies and murders committed by the band which had been organized and led by Laramie Joe, and later by his lieutenant, Jim King.

Jesse James won the admiration of the crowd by the skillful and lawyer-like way in which he asked questions and brought out all the facts. None of the witnesses were cross-examined by any of the prisoners.

In less than half an hour the evidence was all in, and the case had been given to the jury.

The jury stepped aside from the crowd, and in five minutes returned with a verdict of guilty.

"Well, boys, as judge, I hardly need to tell you what to do in such a case, when the verdict of the jury is guilty. The coyotes must be strung up without delay. Have you got anything to say?" said the judge, turning to the condemned prisoners.

They made no reply, and in a few minutes they were all securely bound and mounted on horses. The horses were led under the largest of the trees and there ropes were placed around the necks of the doomed men, then thrown over limbs and made fast.

When the ropes were all secured the horses, at a given signal, were lashed into a run, and as they sprang away the bodies of the Rustlers were left swinging and swaying in the air. There was a brief series of struggles and hideous contortions of the

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limbs, and then the bodies hung limp and motionless. The Rustlers were dead.

It was a new and strange experience for Jesse James, the prince of all outlaws, to assist in the lynching of horse thieves and murderers.

As soon as the sentence of the court of Judge Lynch had been carried out, the band of vigilantes mounted their horses and rode back to Deadwood as though nothing unusual had taken place.

Jesse James rode with them until they reached the edge of the town, when he quietly dropped to the rear, and without attracting attention, galloped away to join his band.

* * * * *

"It is the face of my dead child, the same blue eyes, the same sort of golden hair I loved so well!" Colonel Barnett repeated over and over again as he stroked the head of Clara, the mascot, after her rescue from the power of Jim King, the Rustler.

There were three happy mortals in the cabin of Ted Austin, after the return from the successful pursuit of the man who had so boldly stolen the pretty Clara.

Old Colonel Barnett now easily recognized his grandchild by her great resemblance to her mother. He and Austin told her in a few brief sentences something of her early life history, and of her relationship to the old man who sat at her side, trembling with the joy of having found one to remind him of the dead daughter he had loved so well.

"Talk to me, Clara, my little one; it is the voice of the dead I hear when you speak!" said the gray-haired old man again and again when Clara was silent.

For two hours they talked, the old man listening to the music of her voice, that reminded him so much of the voice of the loved one who was dead.

At last Colonel Barnett turned to Austin and asked:

"Shall I tell her now?"

"Tell her of what?"

"Of the fortune that awaits her, and that she is to go home with me when I return."

"Tell her of the fortune by all means, but as to her going home with you, well I suppose she must, but it seems to me that—that I——"

"Well, go on, I am listening."

"I suppose you want to know, and that Clara will want to know, now that this good fortune has come

to her, how she came to be in my care out here in the wild West, and in a gambling-house at that."

As Austin spoke a shade of sadness passed over his face, and his voice betrayed the strong emotion he felt.

"I know that you have cared for her well while she has been in your charge; you need not tell me that, but, naturally, I have wondered how you found her at the time she most needed some one to care for her."

"Clara, dear, will you leave us alone a little while. I have something to say to your grandfather," said Austin.

The girl arose and left the room, leaving the two men alone. For several minutes Ted Austin sat with his head bowed in his hands, thinking deeply. At last he looked up, and in a low voice that betrayed how deep his feelings were, he told his story very briefly.

"Colonel Barnett, I am a gambler, as you have seen, partly from choice and partly from necessity, but I am not altogether bad as all gamblers are supposed to be. Years ago I knew and loved your daughter, Clara. Mine was a hopeless passion, but it was a deep and lasting one. I did not lose sight of her after her marriage, and fortunately, perhaps, I was on the scene after her death, when her child fell into the hands of Jim Trainor. I knew Trainor to be a scoundrel, and, for the love I had borne the child's mother, I resolved to save her from his power. There was no way I could get possession of her except to steal her and take her away, where she would never be found by Trainor. I have cared for her as if she had been my own child. She has never known want or sorrow. I have taught her as best I could, and while she is known as the mascot of Ted Austin's faro bank, she is a lady and as pure as the angels in heaven. There is not a man in Deadwood who would not lose his right arm for her."

Tears glistened in the eyes of the old man as he silently shook the hand of Ted Austin, the gambler.

"I believe your story! You have a good heart!" said Colonel Barnett.

"I have not yet told you all," said Austin. "The other night when I heard your story, I asked you to wait until you had heard mine, and then let Clara decide the question that deeply concerns us both. As I watched the girl grow up to womanhood, the image of her dead mother, I found the old love in

my heart coming to life again. I have never told her one word of this, and I do not know that I ever will; it depends on circumstances; but I have learned to love the girl as I once loved her mother. I am not going to stand between her and the fortune you say awaits her, but think a moment, Colonel Barnett, and tell me if I have any claim on the gratitude and the love of the girl."

"You have, indeed you have!" answered Colonel Barnett, warmly. "I am an old man now, and the child can brighten my few remaining years very much, but if she loves you I shall not stand between you. But first I must put her in possession of her fortune, if that villain Trainor has not already squandered it. As to her loving you, let her decide."

Colonel Barnett called Clara back in the room and told her briefly something of Ted Austin's claims on her gratitude. Then he asked her if she would go and take possession of her fortune, and then come to his home to take the place in his heart of her dead mother.

"Mr. Austin and I are your best friends, Clara, you must choose between us!"

Clara, the mascot, hesitated a moment, her face covered with shy, sweet blushes. Then looking up at her grandfather she answered, very slowly:

"Mr. Austin has been my best friend, and when I go away from here, I hope he will go too!"

"That settles it, you both go with me!" cried Colonel Barnett, and he shook the hands of Ted Austin, the gambler, with a fervor that Clara did not quite understand at the time.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FIRST LAWYER IN DEADWOOD.

Old Bill Adams, a typical down-easter, when he went West, and a typical frontiersman after ten years in the mines, had made his stake as a miner and had settled down as landlord of the most pretentious hotel in Deadwood. He was a good fellow in his way, brave and honest, and the boys all liked him because he never refused to grubstake a man when he was in hard luck. Old Bill, as every one called him, took a lively interest in everything and everybody in the town, and was often called mayor, because he made it his business to boss every one who seemed to need bossing.

Old Bill Adams was smoking his morning pipe in

front of his hotel and saloon when a rather well-dressed stranger, mounted on a splendid horse, rode up, and, dismounting, asked if he could secure a room.

"By the day or week?" asked Adams, looking the stranger over while he puffed away at his pipe.

"By the week; or month, perhaps, if the place suits me. I am thinking of locating here."

"May I ask your business, young man? Are you one o' them missionaries come out here to convert us heathen?"

"No, sir! I am not working for the Lord. In fact, I suppose I am retained on the other side. I am only a lawyer. I should have starved at home, where they know me, so I thought I would try a new country. I think I can make a living here. I understand there is plenty of crime and very few lawyers in this part of the country."

"Well, young man, Judge Lynch has attended to most of the legal business of this town so far, and he is still doing business at the old stand, but if you are familiar with the history of kings and queens, and well up in the revised statutes of Hoyle, I have no doubt you will do very well here once you get into the game."

"I am quite familiar with Hoyle's rules of practice. Now allow me to introduce myself. I am Stuyvesant Van Zandt, of New York, the last of a famous race of Knickerbockers."

Bill Adams put some fresh tobacco in his pipe, and called a boy to take the lawyer's horse.

"As a friendly tip," said the old man, slowly, "I had better tell you that if you are handy with your gun it won't do you any harm out here. A quick draw will often sustain a demurrer or overrule an objection in this part of the country."

"Let me show you my credentials in that line," said the stranger, with a smile.

The young lawyer from New York took two silver dollars from his pocket and tossed them up in the air. Then quick as a flash he drew a long revolver from each boot leg, and, raising up, shot a hole through each of the dollars as they fell.

"Do you think that would sustain an objection in a Deadwood court?" he asked, with a smile, as he put up his guns.

For answer Old Bill Adams held out his hand and said, laconically:

"You'll do. Come and take a drink!"

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The young lawyer was given the best room in the house, and he knew that his exhibition of skill in the use of revolvers would prove to be a stronger credential for him than a diploma from the Harvard law school.

That night Jesse James, for it was the outlaw himself, disguised as Stuyvesant Van Zandt, the lawyer, strolled into Ted Austin's Monte Carlo faro bank. He did not take a hand in any of the games in progress, but stood around watching the people who came and went. His attention was finally attracted to a rather flashily-dressed man who had just come in and walked directly up to the faro table. Jesse James saw at a glance that the man was disguised. He also noticed something familiar in the movements of the man, and he decided to watch him until he found out who he was.

The stranger stood by the faro table, but it was plain that he was not interested in the game. He kept glancing about the room and it was evident that he was looking for some one who was not present. Occasionally the stranger looked very closely at Ted Austin, who was dealing faro, but the dealer paid no attention to him.

Jesse moved over and stood near the man, but did not appear to notice him for a while. He got a little closer, as if by accident, and finally stood at the fellow's elbow.

"Not playing to-night?" Jesse finally remarked, as he looked up at the newcomer.

"No!" the other answered curtly, at the same time giving Jesse a thorough looking over from head to foot.

"Nor I, luck has been against me lately," Jesse went on, apparently taking no notice of the scrutiny to which he was being subjected.

"Come and take a drink with me!" and Jesse slapped the stranger on the back in a familiar way that he did not seem to relish, but he accepted the invitation to drink.

Both took liquor, and as they were pouring out their drinks the stranger asked, and he tried hard not to show the interest he felt in the question and the answer: "Where is the mascot? I have often heard that this man Austin kept a pretty young woman at his side when he was dealing faro, who was known as his mascot."

"I have not seen her to-night. She may be around later. The girl's name is Clara Barnett, I believe,

and she is an orphan. Pretty as a picture, too. Ever see her?"

"No!"

As the stranger spoke he tried hard to conceal the fact that he was deeply interested in the girl, but he failed, and, with just the trace of a smile about his lips, Jesse James said to himself, "I thought so! I got here just in time."

The stranger did not order any more drinks, and did not seem disposed to continue the acquaintance, but as he was moving away, Jesse stopped him and handed him a card.

"Allow me to present my card? I am a lawyer, the only one in Deadwood, I believe, and you may need my services some day."

"Thank you, but I never employ lawyers!"

"Is that so? I thought the trustees of big fortunes who hunt for lost or stolen heiresses often needed legal advice."

"What do you mean?" and the stranger's face turned pale as he asked the question.

"No offense, I hope. My office is in the Adams Hotel, come and see me when you need legal advice, Mr. Trainor!"

CHAPTER XXX.

A VILLAIN FOILED—STUYVESANT VAN ZANDT'S FIRST CASE.

The disguised man who had been addressed as Mr. Trainor by the Deadwood lawyer was silent for a full half minute before he answered. His face was very pale, and his hands were trembling with fear and excitement.

Discovery at that time meant the defeat of the villain's plans, and his first thought was to bluff it out and deny that he was Trainor. But a look in the resolute eyes of the man who called him by that name convinced him that it would be useless to deny the truth.

"How do you know my name is Trainor? Who are you?" the fellow asked at last, in a low voice that was not heard by any of the bystanders.

"It does not matter how I know it; you are Jim Trainor, and you will need a lawyer before you leave Deadwood."

"You are right, I may need some legal advice," said Trainor, trying to smile. "I will retain you as my counsel to-night. Here is a retaining fee, and I beg of you to say nothing to any one about my presence here until I have a chance to talk to you!"

As Trainor spoke he drew a roll of bank bills from his pocket and handed them to the lawyer.

"Keep your money, I never accept a fee in advance," replied Stuyvesant Van Zandt. "Come to my office to-morrow, and we will talk over your case."

The lawyer turned on his heel and left the room, leaving a very much excited and alarmed individual.

Not until late at night in its early days was Deadwood to be seen in all its glory. In the full light of day cabins, huts, tents and dug-outs looked just what they were, places to exist in, nothing more.

But at night, when the blaze of kerosene lamps shone from a hundred saloons, gambling-houses, and dance-halls, the scene was changed. Then everything that looked so dull and tawdry by day shone brilliantly in the artificial light.

Jesse James took a stroll through the principal street of the town, but he did not remain away from the Monte Carlo long. His object in going out was to return, and slipping in quietly keep a watch on Jim Trainor without being seen by that accomplished villain.

It was after ten o'clock, and the great rush of business at Ted Austin's place had set in. The bar and the gaming-tables were crowded with customers, and it would be an easy matter to remain in the background and await developments without being observed.

Clara, the mascot, would be in soon, and then the faro games would begin in earnest. Jesse James was eager for another glimpse of Clara's pretty face, and he also wanted to note the effect of it on Jim Trainor.

When Jesse returned to the Monte Carlo he soon located his man again. Trainor was near the table where Ted Austin was dealing faro, and Jesse took up a position where he could watch the fellow's face without being seen himself.

In a few moments Clara entered the room, and took up her position at the side of Austin. The crowd of miners removed their hats as she bowed and smiled at them, and greeted her appearance with a vigorous hand-clapping.

Jim Trainor started and sprang half out of his seat at sight of the girl. Then glancing hurriedly around to see if any one had noticed the movement he sat down again and pulled his slouch hat low over his forehead.

Jesse James was watching him closely now, and he saw the scoundrel's face light up with passion as he looked at the beautiful girl.

"He means to get possession of the girl and her fortune, too," said Jesse to himself, as he noticed the expression on the face of Trainor.

Stuyvesant Van Zandt was at leisure the following morning when Jim Trainor, still carefully disguised, called by appointment.

"Good-morning, Mr. Trainor! Pray be seated and we will get to business at once. You called to talk over the matter of the fortune you hold in trust for Miss Clara Barnett, I believe?"

"Who the devil are you and what do you mean?" cried Trainor, as the lawyer placed a chair for him and went on talking as though the matter under discussion was of little importance. So perfect was the disguise assumed by Jesse James that Trainor did not suspect his identity.

"I am Stuyvesant Van Zandt, attorney at law, at your service. I am from New York and the descendant of one of the old Knickerbocker families. You are from St. Louis, I believe?"

Trainor was thunderstruck. It was evident that Lawyer Van Zandt knew his history, and it would be useless to deny his identity or his business in Deadwood. But his game was not lost yet. He would try a new move if he found himself in a corner.

With a muttered oath Trainor asked:

"Well, suppose I am the man you say, how did you learn so much about me and my affairs?"

"Oh, we lawyers have many ways of finding out things."

"Well what do you want of me?"

"Your signature to the papers transferring the fortune left in your keeping to Miss Barnett. I suppose you came out here for the purpose of turning over the money to her?"

"Well, it seems to me if you are to act as my lawyer I have the right to say a few words about how this case is to be conducted."

"I am not acting as your lawyer, in fact I have been retained by the other side. I merely sent for you to arrange all the legal formalities before we send for Miss Barnett and her friends for the final transfer of the property."

"You are a devil!" hissed Trainor. "How much

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do you want to throw up this case and let me settle it myself?"

"So you admit that you are Mr. Trainor, the custodian of the young lady's fortune?"

Trainor saw he had been caught in a trap and he ground his teeth in rage.

"Well, blast you, suppose I do admit it, what then?"

"Why, we will get to business at once; but your admission was immaterial, as I know you very well, and know all about the trust. I also know how George Waters died."

This last was a center shot and Trainor winced. He at once changed his tactics. Assuming a mild and sincere tone and manner he said:

"Yes, I admit that I am Jim Trainor, and my business in Deadwood is to turn over to Miss Clara Barnett the fortune I held in trust from her father, who was my dearest friend. My only reason for attempting to conceal my identity was that I wanted to be sure that I had found the right Miss Barnett."

"Your reason will be accepted for the present, and now I will send for my clients and we will have the transfers made at once."

The lawyer wrote a note, and calling one of the boys employed about the hotel, sent him out with it. Half an hour later Ted Austin entered the rooms of the lawyer, accompanied by Clara Barnett. Both appeared surprised, but Stuyvesant did not give them time to ask any questions.

With a polite bow Lawyer Van Zandt placed seats for his visitors, and then turning to Miss Barnett, he said:

"Some very important legal business required your presence here; that is my excuse for sending for you at this time."

"The gentleman on the other side of the room is Mr. Trainor, from St. Louis, and he has come all the way to Deadwood to see you on a pleasant mission. He has been the custodian of a large fortune left you by your father when he died. Your father had great confidence in this gentleman's honesty and made him the guardian of your fortune as well as yourself. You were taken from his care, however, for reasons I need not tell you now, but he retained control of your money. Since you were taken from him he did not know where you were until quite recently, and as soon as he learned where you lived he

at once set out for Deadwood to deliver your fortune to you."

Clara had been told of the fortune that awaited her by her grandfather and she was not so much surprised at the statement of Lawyer Van Zandt.

Jim Trainor had been thinking very fast while the lawyer was talking. He was in a corner, but he was not going to give up that fortune without a struggle. And he had also resolved to make an effort to obtain the girl along with the fortune.

Lawyer Van Zandt arose and laid some legal-looking papers on the table.

"Here is a document transferring all the property left to Miss Barnett by her father from her guardian and trustee to her own custody. You will please sign it, Mr. Trainor, here in the presence of witnesses."

"Pardon me, sir, I do not mean to question your legal knowledge, but I think Miss Barnett will have to go to St. Louis, and sign a receipt for the property on the records there. Of course I want to turn it over to her as soon as possible, but I want to do it legally."

Something in the manner of the man and the wicked gleam in his eye warned Lawyer Van Zandt that his suggestion was only a move to gain time or to get the girl away from her friends and into the power of this man.

"As counsel for Miss Barnett, I assure her of the legality of this transfer. You will please sign the papers at once."

Lawyer Van Zandt handed Trainor a pen as he spoke.

There was something in the voice and manner of the lawyer that warned Jim Trainor that he was cornered and could not make another move.

He ground his teeth in rage, but he slowly reached for the pen and signed the papers. The lawyer and Austin then signed their names as witnesses.

Taking the paper the lawyer handed it to Miss Barnett, who thanked him and arose to go.

"You may thank Mr. Trainor if you wish, and say good-by to him now, as he is going back to St. Louis at once and will not return to Deadwood."

As the lawyer spoke he gave Trainor a look which the latter understood to mean that he must agree to anything he said, and he did not deny that he was going to take an early departure and leave Deadwood for good.

When Ted Austin and Clara Barnett left the room, Jim Trainor was speechless with rage. He had been completely outwitted, and compelled to give up the fortune that had so long been in his custody, by a man who seemed to know all about him, and yet could not recall having seen this man before their chance meeting in the gambling-house the night before. As he arose to leave the room he gave the lawyer a look of terrible hatred and said with clinched teeth:

"We will meet again!"

"Perhaps, but if the meeting is in Deadwood it will be a fatal one to you. Good-day!"

"Lawyer Van Zandt, you won that case easy!" said Jesse James to himself, with a laugh, when he was left alone.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A WEDDING IN DEADWOOD.

Jesse James felt very proud and happy over the valuable service he had been able to render Clara Barnett in his disguise as Stuyvesant Van Zandt, the lawyer from New York.

For this brave and beautiful girl he felt in his heart a tenderness and respect that was new to him.

The outlaw leader knew that while he remained in Deadwood in the guise of Lawyer Stuyvesant Van Zandt he would have to keep his eyes open for Jim Trainor. He had seen enough of that accomplished scoundrel to know that he was a man to be feared, as one fears the deadly rattlesnake coiled in the grass or the Indian in war paint hiding close by the trail of the white man.

Trainor had been forced to give up the fortune he had set his heart on keeping in his own hands, and he was the kind of a cowardly cur who would stab in the back the man who was responsible for making him do right by the girl he intended to wrong.

He was aroused from sleep the following morning by a knocking at the door of their room. He opened it, and found one of the hotel boys with a note for Stuyvesant Van Zandt, the lawyer. The note proved to be an invitation to the wedding of Ted Austin and Clara Barnett.

Something like a sigh escaped the lips of the outlaw as he read the note, but he said, with a smile:

"I shall attend. It has been a long time since I attended a wedding."

The wedding was to take place at ten o'clock. The Rev. Silas Gray had arrived in town, and this was the first missionary work he had found to do.

As soon as he learned there was a minister in town, Ted Austin decided to have his marriage take place there in Deadwood, where the boys who had been his truest friends could be present and extend their best wishes.

Clara and her grandfather, Colonel Barnett, wanted to wait until they reached St. Louis, and have the ceremony take place in a church, but they finally yielded to the wishes of Austin when he explained his sentimental reasons.

Immediately after the ceremony, the happy couple, accompanied by Colonel Barnett, would take the eastbound stage for St. Louis, where they expected to reside in future.

It would be the first wedding that ever occurred in Deadwood, and when the news of it was passed around among the miners that morning, they resolved to make it an event never to be forgotten.

There was little time for preparations, it was true, but Deadwood was accustomed to doing things in a hurry. Some of the miners went to work, and soon had the little two-room cabin, where the ceremony was to take place, decorated with evergreens.

Those who could think of nothing else to do, actually washed their faces, and put on their best clothes in honor of the occasion.

Gambler as he was, no man in Deadwood was more popular than Ted Austin. The miners had always found a square deal in his place, and he never refused to stake an honest man who was in hard luck.

For pretty Clara, the mascot, the rough miners entertained a feeling akin to worship. She had been the pet and pride of the town. It was fitting that the wedding of the couple should be properly celebrated. Business was suspended in the town that morning, and nothing but the approaching wedding was talked of.

Stuyvesant Van Zandt wrote a note to Ted Austin promising to be present at the wedding, and asking permission to bring a friend along, which was readily granted.

Frank James had come to his rooms the night before, and while they were waiting for the hour of the wedding, Frank James decided to go out on the streets and take a look around the town. He had

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an idea that Detective Withers would be in Deadwood that morning, and if he had succeeded in spotting the outlaws the sooner they knew it the better for them. Frank made some slight changes in his disguise, and went forth to see what was going on outside, but he saw nothing suspicious.

The two outlaws were among the first to arrive at the little cabin where the wedding was to take place. Ted Austin met and bade them welcome.

Jesse called Austin aside, and the two held a brief whispered conversation. The outlaw told him frankly the identity of himself and his brother, and, also of the possibility that the detective might attempt to take them at any time.

"They will not molest you here," said the gambler, quietly. "Ted Austin never forgets his friends, and you have been my friend," he said, extending his hand to Jesse. "You remain here as my guests, and you will be safe."

Austin stepped aside, and spoke a few words to one of the men who had formerly worked for him in his gambling-house. The man left the room at once, and ten minutes later, two of the best horses in Deadwood were saddled and hitched in a shed only a few feet in the rear of Austin's cabin.

Austin held a few minutes' conversation in an undertone with another of his friends, and, before the time arrived for the wedding, ten quiet, but determined-looking men, with pistols in their belts, took up a position just outside the cabin door.

The wedding ceremony that made Clara, the mascot, and Ted Austin man and wife, was a short and simple one. The bride looked very pretty and happy, and Ted was the proudest man in Deadwood.

They had just begun to receive the congratulations of their friends, when a miner rushed into the room in an excited manner, and, calling Austin aside, said:

"There is a man outside who says he is a detective with warrants for two men who are in here, and he insists that he must see you at once."

"Go and tell him," answered Austin, very quietly, "that if he comes alone he can come in here and see me, but on no other condition. If he attempts to force his way in, shoot him down. I have men enough outside to keep out his entire posse. Ted Austin never goes back on his friends."

The miner left the room, and soon returned with a message from Detective Withers, for the officer had given his word that he would come in alone, if Austin would assure him that he would be allowed to return unharmed after the interview.

The assurance was promptly given, and a minute later the bold detective stepped into the room.

With a polite bow to Austin, he said:

"I am very sorry to be compelled to so rudely interrupt your wedding party, Mr. Austin, but I have a stern duty to perform, and the men I am after have

escaped me so often in the past I cannot afford to take any chances this time."

"And who are the men you are after that you expect to find here?"

"Frank and Jesse James, the outlaws. They are guests here. That is Jesse there in the guise of Stuyvesant Van Zandt, the lawyer, and the man at his side is his brother Frank."

"And you have come to take us?" asked Jesse, with a smile.

"I have," replied the detective.

"Where are your warrants?"

"They are here," and the detective placed his hand on his pistols. "I am going to take you this time, and you will save unnecessary bloodshed if you surrender quietly. I have the house surrounded, and you cannot escape me this time."

The detective advanced toward the two outlaws, but Ted Austin suddenly stepped between them and placed his hand on the officer's shoulder.

"Withers, you know me," said the gambler, quietly. "I always keep my word, and I never desert a friend. You are here on my word that you shall not be harmed. These men are my friends and my guests. You cannot molest them in my house. Do not attempt it, for you know I will protect my friends with my life, if need be. While you think you have the house surrounded, my men in turn have surrounded your men. You must retire quietly, Mr. Withers, you cannot make any arrests in here."

The detective was crestfallen, but he turned toward the door. "I will go out," he said to Austin; "but I give you notice I shall return and take these men prisoners, or die in the attempt."

"Don't be alarmed," said Austin to the outlaws, "my men outnumber his three to one."

"You are very kind," said Jesse; "but we will not allow a fight here at this time on our account. We can get away without it."

"In the shed back there you will find two of the fastest horses in the town. Take them, and my best wishes go with you," said Austin, as he shook hands with the two outlaws.

Clara, the mascot, had been an interested spectator of all that had taken place. She now came forward, and extended her pretty white hand to Jesse.

"I want to say good-by, too," she said, "and I want to thank you again for the great favor you did me in helping me to get possession of my fortune. I understand it all now, and I shall never forget your kindness. Good-by."

There was more tenderness in the voice of the outlaw leader, when he said good-by to the pretty bride, and stroked the little white hand that lay in his big brown one, than had been heard in it for many a day before.

The farewells were quickly said, and the outlaws

slipped quietly out the back way. They hurriedly mounted the horses waiting for them, and were out of town by the time their flight was discovered by the detectives.

Detective Withers and his men burst into the cabin, with drawn pistols in their hands, but they found only a quiet wedding party. The outlaws were gone.

"Curse them, they have escaped once more, but I shall not give up the trail. Mount boys, and ride at once to Shadow Gulch; we will find them there. They shall not escape me."

With curses loud and deep, Detective Withers and his men mounted, and started in pursuit of the fleeing outlaws.

CHAPTER XXXII.

COLORADO CHARLEY'S LAST TRIP.

The outlaw brothers rode rapidly out of Deadwood, and headed their horses for Shadow Gulch.

"We'll get the boys together, and move over into Wyoming for a while. I guess we'll be out of Wither's territory there. He is only employed by the stage and express companies to stop these little collections we have been taking up."

"Wonder how he penetrated your disguise?"

"I don't know. He has cut short the promising legal career of Stuyvesant Van Zandt, and Deadwood is left without a lawyer. I should have been in politics in a month, and might have been governor of the territory in time but for him. I tell you blood will tell in this country, and a genuine Knickerbocker can succeed anywhere, if he only gets a chance."

"Well, that little racket is all over now, and we had better turn our attention to getting out of this locality without delay. Withers and his men will be on our trail within an hour, and we don't want to risk a fight, if we can help it."

An hour later, the outlaw leaders rejoined their men at the new camp in Shadow Gulch, where Frank left them the day before when he went up to Deadwood to find Jesse.

The band were called together at once, and a consultation was held. Jesse wanted to make one more collection from the stage company before they left the vicinity for good, but Frank and Dick Little urged discretion.

"Up in Wyoming we will find a rich field that has never been worked," said Frank, "and there we can do more business than we can here."

It was finally decided that the gang would break camp at once, and set out for Cheyenne or Laramie, Wyoming—keeping a lookout for any business that might turn up on the road. A few minutes later

they rode out of Shadow Gulch in single file, and started up the stage road to the northwest.

* * * * *

Detective Withers and his men were not among those who crowded about the stage on which Ted Austin and his bride left Deadwood, to wish the happy couple a safe and pleasant journey. The detective was too much chagrined at the escape of the outlaws to wish any one happiness that day.

But he knew the customs of the Wild West too well to blame Austin for the part he had played in the escape of the James boys. Jesse had acted square with the gamblers, and the Westerner never deserts the man who has been his friend.

"I'll capture those devils, or drive them out of the territory before I am a week older," said Withers, as he ordered his men to mount, and look for the trail.

After two hours' delay, two hours that were precious to the outlaws, Withers and his men found the trail of the James boys, and followed it out of Deadwood down to Shadow Gulch. There they found the deserted camp, and the fresh trail of the band leading away to the northwest.

"I guess they have made up their minds to get away," said one of the detective's companions, when he noted the direction of the trail. "The Deadwood climate is getting too warm for them, and they know when they have got enough."

"Forward men, on the trail!" was the brief order of Detective Withers, and he urged his horse forward, leading his men in the direction the outlaws had gone.

* * * * *

A stagecoach was climbing up the mountain east of Shadow Gulch, bound east. It was an extra coach, and carried more than one hundred thousand dollars in gold bullion. It was the most valuable cargo the express company had ever sent out of Deadwood by any one stage.

There was one driver in the service of the company who could be trusted to drive that stage. The man for the trip was Colorado Charley, whose nerve and presence of mind had so often saved the stages of the company from robbery at the hands of daring road agents.

Four of the fastest horses, owned by the company, were given to Colorado Charley for the first twenty miles of the trip, which would take him past the haunts of the outlaws, and the scene of their previous robberies.

Four well-armed guards were sent out with the treasure coach, and only three passengers were taken on board. One of the guards rode on the box with the driver, and the other three rode inside, where they could keep their eyes on the boxes containing the gold.

Colorado Charley was in jolly good humor that

THE JESSE JAMES STORIES.

day. A trip that involved extra dangers was always to his liking. He thoroughly enjoyed the excitement of a brush with the road agents.

Toiling up the mountain, Charley told stories that gave the three passengers cold chills, and joked with the guards who rode with him on the box.

When the summit of the mountain was finally reached, and the leaders braced themselves for the long down-grade, Colorado Charley gathered up his reins, waved his long whip, and shouted to his horses. At the sound of his voice the spirited animals sprang forward, and, in a few moments, they were galloping wildly down the mountain, while the coach swung from side to side in a manner that threatened to throw it off some of the high cliffs, and send it headlong to the bottom of a cañon. The three passengers inside tumbled in a heap at the bottom of the stage, and made no effort to get up. Even the guards who had ridden with Colorado Charley before, looked as if they wished they were somewhere else. For a mile the terrific pace continued. The stage was rapidly approaching a sharp bend in the road. On one side a steep cliff rose fifty feet high, and on the other there was an almost perpendicular precipice down to the bottom of a narrow cañon more than one hundred feet deep. The roadway was not more than eight feet wide around the turn.

It was a dangerous turn, but Colorado Charley showed no intention of slackening the speed of his horses as they approached the dangerous bend in the road.

The horses were half way round the bend, when Colorado Charley, his face turning pale, pulled hard on the reins, and applied the full force of the brakes. He shouted a vigorous "Whoa!" to the leaders, but the horses were going too fast to stop suddenly.

When the guards glanced ahead, and saw the cause of the sudden slackening of speed, they turned pale and gripped their rifles firmly.

Two hundred feet down the trail was a barricade, and gathered around it were a dozen desperate-looking men all well mounted. Colorado Charley had seen those men before, and he knew what was coming. Jesse James and his men on their way west had heard the rumble of the stage as it came dashing down the mountain.

Reining up his horse, Jesse said:

"Dismount boys, and block the road quick. We'll show that detective and his gang that we can do business with them out on our trail. We'll go through this stage as a parting farewell to the company and their detectives. Block the road. If Colorado Charley is driving, we'll make sure he don't run by us this time."

The outlaws leaped from their horses, and in a few moments they had a strong and impassable barricade across the stage road. Then, mounting their

horses again, they drew their revolvers, and awaited the coming of the stage.

They did not have long to wait. In a moment the leaders appeared around the bend.

"Halt! Up with your hands!" cried Jesse.

Colorado Charley fully realized the dangerous situation, but he kept his head and pulled hard to check his horses.

The guard on the box was a new man, who had no experience with the road agents. As soon as the command to halt was given, he raised his gun, and fired at the outlaws.

"You are a d——n fool," exclaimed Colorado Charley.

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when there came a rattling volley from the outlaws, and the brave but reckless guard fell from his seat dead.

The shots frightened the spirited horses. They began to rear and plunge, and in a moment were beyond control.

The outlaws started forward, firing as they advanced. The head horses wheeled sharply to the left, and before the brave old driver could tighten his reins again, they plunged headlong over the precipice. Their weight dragged the other horses and the coach over after them.

Colorado Charley might have leaped from the box in time to save himself, but he knew nothing but duty, and his duty was on the box.

With his feet on the brake lever, and the reins tightly gripped in his hands, he went over the precipice with his horses and coach.

The three guards and three passengers inside tumbled out of the door just in time, and fell weak and trembling with fear on the very edge of the precipice.

"D——n 'em, shove 'em over," said Jesse, but Frank protested, and the men were allowed to live.

The four horses and the coach were heard to strike the bottom of the cañon one hundred feet below with a terrible thud.

Bloodthirsty, hardened wretches as they were, the outlaws could not repress a shudder, as they thought of the terrible fate of the brave driver who went down with his coach.

"D——n him, he's kept us out of many a dollar but I guess he's done for, now," said Jesse, as he mounted his horse, and gave the order to his men to move forward.

Half an hour later, Detective Withers and his men arrived on the scene. They found nothing but frightened men and the body of the rash guard who had fired at the outlaws. The stage, the horses, and Colorado Charley were at the bottom of the cañon.

The farewell of Jesse James was one that would not soon be forgotten by the stage company.

YOUR OPINIONS OF FAMOUS MEN.

Grand Prize Contest



22 VALUABLE PRIZES
GIVEN AWAY.

Here is a chance for every reader of JESSE JAMES WEEKLY.

Boys, you have all heard of the plucky little Kansan who has been making himself famous on the other side of the world.

What do you think of him?

What characteristics do you see in his face?

What has he done, anyway?

What do you think is the best thing he ever did?

The boys who can best answer such questions applying to any famous American, known for his brave deeds, will win handsome prizes.

Here is the plan of one of the most novel contests ever placed before the American boys.

Look up what interesting facts you can find about any famous American. Then write them out in your own words, stating your own opinion of him, his appearance, and the particular achievement which pleases you the most. The first prize will be awarded to the person sending in the most interesting and best written article; the next best will win the second prize, and so on. It makes no difference how short they are, but no contribution must be longer than 500 words.

LOOK AT THE PRIZES.

TWO FIRST PRIZES The two who send us the most interesting and best written articles will each receive a first-class Camera, complete with achromatic lens,

and loaded with six exposures each. Absolutely ready for use. For square pictures $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches; capacity six exposures without reloading; size of camera $4\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ inches; weight 15 ounces; well made, covered with grain leather and handsomely finished.

FIVE SECOND PRIZES The five who send us the next best articles will each receive a "Sterling" Magic Lantern Outfit, together with 72 admission tickets and a large show bill. Each lantern is 10 inches high, 4 inches in diameter, with a $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch plano-complex condensing lens and a $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch double complex objective lens. Uses kerosene oil only.

FIVE THIRD PRIZES The five who send us the next best articles will each receive a Handsome Pearl Handled Knife. These knives have each four blades of the best English steel, hardened and tempered. The handle is pearl, the lining brass, and the boisters German silver.

For ten next best descriptions, ten sets of the latest and most entertaining Puzzles and Novelties on the market, numbering three puzzles each, including Uncle Isaac's Pawnshop Puzzle; the Magic Marble Puzzle and the Demon Outfit.

This Contest closes December 1. All contributions must be in by that date.

SEND IN YOUR ARTICLES AT ONCE, BOYS.

We are going to publish all of the best ones during the progress of the Contest.

We will have to reserve to ourselves the right of judging which article has the most merit, but our readers know that they may depend upon Street & Smith, and on their absolute fairness and justice in conducting Contests. This one will be no exception to the rule.

REMEMBER!

Whether your contribution wins a prize or not, it stands a good chance of being published, together with the name of the writer.

To become a contestant for the prize you must cut out the **Character Contest Coupon**, printed in this issue. Fill it out properly, and send it to JESSE JAMES WEEKLY, care of Street & Smith, 238 William Street, New York City, together with your article. No contribution will be considered that does not have this coupon accompanying it.

COUPON.

"JESSE JAMES WEEKLY" CHARACTER CONTEST No. 1.

Date 1901

Name

City or Town

State

CHARACTER PRIZE CONTEST.

During the progress of the Prize Character Contest this department will be devoted to the publication of the best articles sent in by the contestants.

Here are some of the best ones received so far. They are coming in with a rush, boys, so hurry up and send in your articles as soon as possible.

An Exciting Career.

(By Cecil Huniphrey, Memphis, Tenn.)

You will be surprised, I think, to learn that when I spoke to some of my school mates about entering your prize contest and writing an article on William Bainbridge, the great naval hero, very few of the boys knew who he was.

I have always felt sorry for him because he was such a brave man and had to go through so much, and yet lots of other men became more famous.

I think the most interesting part of his life was before the war of 1812, although he took a prominent part in that war.

In May, 1800, being twenty-six years old, Bainbridge was made captain, receiving the frigate George Washington, in which he immediately sailed for the Mediterranean, bound for Algiers.

On his arrival, the Dey, or Viceroy, requested him to carry a cargo of slaves, lions, and money to the sultan at Constantinople.

Bainbridge refused, but the barbarians threatened to destroy the ship. The captain was surrounded by forts bristling with cannon, and a large fleet closed the harbor. Resistance was impossible, and would have been followed by destruction.

Bainbridge complied, and sailed for Constantinople. His spirit received a deep wound, but he had no alternative between death and obedience.

At the Turkish capital Bainbridge met Dr. Edward Clarke, the distinguished traveler. The arrival of the vessel caused somewhat of a sensation, the sultan being especially astonished. The title of American was unknown to him. At last he decided that it might apply to the inhabitants of the New World. Having received a satisfactory answer, he treated Bainbridge with great respect, and gave him a splendid reception.

The discipline of the crew of the Washington was the subject of great admiration on the part of the Mussulmen.

This trip was the more remarkable because it was the first time that the American flag was unfurled to the breeze in those waters.

On returning to Algiers, Bainbridge did not trust himself within the harbor until the Dey had promised not to molest him. Indeed, even then he would not have been safe but for the signet of the Pasha of Constantinople, which he had received as a mark of respect.

Seeing that he could not injure the Americans, the Dey turned his eyes toward his French subjects, seizing every one of them to be sold as slaves.

Here Bainbridge nobly interfered, and obtained a respite of forty-eight hours, during which time he succeeded in getting the poor captives aboard and landing them in a safe harbor. Napoleon, at that time First Consul, acknowledged this brave action by a message of thanks.

Bainbridge returned home in the spring of 1801, and was appointed to the command of the frigate Essex.

In October, 1803, Bainbridge was sailing along the coast of Tripoli when his ship got imbedded in a shoal. Every effort to disengage it was fruitless, and the captain was obliged to surrender to the hostile fleet which surrounded him. A year and a half of imprisonment followed.

During this confinement Bainbridge wrote to Preble, who was now besieging Tripoli, imparting a plan for the destruction of the Philadelphia, which had been towed into the harbor by the Moors. This plan was followed, and resulted in the celebrated attack which has immortalized another great hero, Stephen Decatur. The Philadelphia was boarded and burned under the guns of the forts, and in the midst of a large fleet.

After the burning of the Philadelphia the Bashaw of Tripoli was greatly enraged, and he ordered the American prisoners to be thrown into a stone tower near the sea.

Here they could see the American squadron bombarding Tripoli and making endeavors to rescue them. They witnessed Decatur's glorious feat with the Con-

tution during the attack upon the town, and saw the infidel retreat under the shelter of his forts.

At last the Bashaw was obliged to sign a treaty, and Bainbridge and his companions were again free.

The Danish consul who so kindly assisted the prisoners was publicly thanked by Congress.

On his arrival in the United States, Bainbridge and his officers received an enthusiastic welcome.

The gallant captain's fortune had been greatly reduced during his confinement in Tripoli, and he was now obliged to again engage in the merchant navy. It was in St. Petersburg, in 1811, that he learned of the declaration of war with England.

The northern seas were blocked with ice. He could not sail home, but he traveled overland. It was the dead of winter, and Bainbridge nearly lost his life in falling over a precipice in Sweden.

When he arrived in Washington he found the navy laid up.

Bainbridge and Commodore Stewart denounced the foolishness of this course. Their suggestions were adopted, and the navy again floated.

War was declared on the 18th of June, 1812, and found Bainbridge in command of the Constellation. He was shortly after transferred to the Constitution. He was now resolved to retaliate for his imprisonment by the Barbary powers, and sailed for the Mediterranean in company of the Essex, Captain Porter, and the Hornet, Captain Lawrence.

Near the Brazilian coast the Constitution met the English frigate, Java, 49 guns and 400 men. An engagement was begun which lasted one hour and a half and resulted in the total destruction of the Java.

The prisoners were transferred aboard the Constitution. Lieutenant-General Hislop, Governor of Bombay, was a passenger of the Java. He was treated with great courtesy by the American captain.

The Constitution returned to the United States for repairs, arriving in Boston Harbor February 27, 1813. Bainbridge was conducted to his hotel by a regiment of infantry. He was placed over the Charlestown naval station. In company with Hull and Decatur he prepared a code of naval signals. He also placed Boston Harbor in a state of defense.

In 1815, he sailed for Algiers to force the Moors to return to peace. In 1819 he again visited the Mediterranean, landing in all its principal harbors.

In 1831 the death of his only son, an accomplished young man, threw a gloom over the close of his life. He died of an attack of pneumonia in his sixtieth year, at Philadelphia, July 28, 1833.

The Hero of Bunker Hill.

(Written by Thomas Carter, Danbury, Conn.)

In the little village of Brooklyn, Conn., lies the body of Israel Putnam. The tomb—a brick structure, upon which rests a weather-browned slab—is fast going to decay, but the inscription can still be made out. It is as follows:

SACRED BE THIS MONUMENT,
to the memory
of

ISRAEL PUTNAM, ESQUIRE,

Senior Major-General in the armies
of

the United States of America,
who

was born at Salem,
in the Province of Massachusetts,
on the 7th day of January,

A. D. 1718,

and died

on the 19th day of May,
A. D. 1790.

PASSENGER,

if thou art a soldier,

drop a tear over the dust of a Hero,
who,

ever attentive
to the lives and happiness of his men,
dared to lead

where any dared to follow;
if a Patriot,

remember the distinguished and gallant services
rendered thy country

by the Patriot who sleeps beneath this marble;
if thou art honest, generous and worthy,
render a cheerful tribute of respect

to a man,

whose generosity was singular,
whose honesty was proverbial;

who

raised himself to universal esteem,
and offices of eminent distinction,
by personal worth

and a

useful life.

Almost every popular favorite has his nickname. They called General Jackson "Old Hickory," General Taylor was always called "Old Zack."

General Israel Putnam, the hero of Bunker Hill and of previous conflicts with the French and Indians was better known by the whole army under the familiar title

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of "Old Put" than either by the military rank he had honestly earned or the simple Scriptural name his father and mother gave him.

I would like to have a career as great and famous as his.

The Hero of Lake Erie.

(By Charles L. Evans, of Erie, Pa.)

I noticed your prize contest for the best articles on famous men and I desire to become a contestant. Following is my article:

Oliver Hazard Perry, one of the greatest naval heroes in the world, is known by his most celebrated victory as "The Hero of Lake Erie."

He was a very handsome man and had an absolute disregard of danger.

When the war of 1812 broke out Perry was master-commandant of the flotilla of gunboats defending the harbor of Newport, R. I.

He wanted to get a command on the sea, but he thought he could not get an opportunity, so he offered himself to Commodore Chauncey, who was at the head of the lake service. His tender was accepted, and he was ordered to join the commodore at Sackett's Harbor. He remained here one month. Now came his opportunity, and as it turned he could not have had a more brilliant if he had spent the whole time on the sea.

In March he was sent to the northern extremity of Lake Erie to superintend the construction of several gunboats for the protection of the lake harbors. In May he received tidings that Chauncey was preparing for an attack on the British forts at the mouth of the Niagara. At this time he was at Erie, from which he hastened to join the commodore.

The Americans were successful in the attack, and the Niagara was freed from the presence of the British. Perry was enabled to bring into the lake five vessels which had remained in the harbor of Black Rock, the British gunboats in the river preventing their escape. Perry sailed with his new acquisitions to Erie. Having crossed the sandbar at this place with all his vessels, he sailed for Sandusky, where he received instructions that a considerable British force had collected at Malden, for which place he immediately sailed.

On the 10th of September, 1813, he met the enemy and the battle was commenced by the firing of a gun from the Lawrence, Perry's flagship. Perry's squadron consisted of "nine vessels, carrying fifty-five guns. The enemy had six vessels with sixty-three guns. Each fleet had about five hundred men." At the beginning of the battle the Lawrence was exposed to the raking fire of the three largest vessels of the British. For two hours

she sustained this fire. The other American vessels were unable to assist the Lawrence, and Perry, finding she was fast sinking, jumped into a small boat, and passing through a storm of shot, transferred his flag to the Niagara. He is said to have exclaimed on leaving the Lawrence while some one was showing him the danger of reaching the Niagara: "If a victory is to be gained I'll gain it."

Having reached the Niagara safely, he bore down on the British frigate Detroit, whose fire had so much damaged the Lawrence, and, coming to close quarters, poured in a deadly fire. At this moment another British frigate, the Queen Charlotte, collided with the Detroit, and both became entangled. Perry took advantage of the accident, and continued to rake the two frigates. In seven minutes they had struck their colors. All the other ships surrendered.

The battle was fought with equal valor on both sides, and the victory was one of the most, if not the most, splendid in the history of the American navy. It destroyed the British power on Lake Erie, and opened the way for Harrison to the invasion of the Province of Ontario.

The general received the following famous dispatch from Perry immediately after the victory:

"We have met the enemy, and they are ours—two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop."

Perry next appeared in Michigan, where he assisted in driving the British from that State. He crossed with the Americans into Canada, and was present at the battle of the Thames. On his return home Perry was received with honors everywhere on his route. A gold medal was given him by Congress, and he was requested by the city of New York to sit for his picture.

In 1814 Perry joined Commodore Shaw's squadron in the Mediterranean. While here he unfortunately became entangled in a quarrel, which ended in a duel. He struck an officer named Heath for what he thought disrespectful conduct. The matter was carried before court-martial, but was not adjusted. A duel was fought in October, 1818, at Weehawken. Heath shot first, but Perry did not return his fire. He said "the meeting was a compensation to an officer whom he had injured." That showed the stuff he was made of.

In 1815 he sailed with the rank of commodore in the John Adams, for Venezuela, to protect American commerce in those quarters. While sailing down the Orinoco he was attacked by the yellow fever, of which he died in his thirty-fourth year, on the 23d of August, 1819. His remains were interred with every respect by the British governor at Port Spain. Later they were removed by order of Congress, and interred with great honors and at the public expense, in the cemetery at Newport.

Hunting and Trapping Department.

This department is brimful of information and ideas of interest to the young trapper and hunter. Write us if you have any questions to ask concerning these subjects, and they will be answered in a special column. Address all communications to the "Hunting and Trapping Department."

A TRAP FOR LARGE GAME.

This trap is constructed after the idea of the old-fashioned box or rabbit trap, and has been the means of securing many a hungry bear or even puma, whose voracity has exceeded its cunning. The lynx and wildcat are also among its occasional victims; and inasmuch as its prisoners are taken alive great sport is often realized before the captive is brought under control.

The sides are built of stout young tree trunks, cut into sections and firmly driven into the ground close together. For a large animal—a bear, for instance—the enclosure should be about seven feet deep, two and a half feet wide, and four feet high. The top should be built in with the sides, after the manner of a log cabin. The two posts at the entrance should be first set up. On the back side of each, near the end, a deep notch should be cut for the reception of the cross piece at the top. This should likewise be notched in a similar manner on both sides of each end, so as to fit singly into the notches in the uprights on the one side, and into the second pair of uprights on the other. These latter should next be inserted firmly into the ground, having been previously notched on both sides of their upper ends, as described for the cross piece. They may either be fixed in place and the cross piece sprung in between them at the top, or the latter may be held in the notches of the first pair, while the second are being inserted. Continue thus until the full length of the sides are reached, when the end may be closed by an upright wall of plain logs, either hammered into the ground, after the manner of the sides, or arranged one above another in notches between the two end uprights. The sliding door is next required. This should be large enough to cover the opening, and should be made of stout board slabs, firmly secured by cross pieces. It should be made to slide smoothly into grooves cut into perpendicular logs situated on each side of the opening, or may be arranged to slip easily between the flattened side of one log on each side and the front of the pen. Either way works well. In the latter an additional upright or short board should be inserted in the ground at the edges of the sliding door, to prevent the latter from being forced to either side by the efforts of the enclosed captive.

There are two or three ways of setting the trap, depending upon the desired game. For a wildcat an upright post two feet in length should be cut to an edge at one end, and wedged in between the logs at the top of the trap, near the middle. Across the top of this a pole seven feet in length, should be rested; one end being

attached by a loop, or secured in a notch in the sliding door, and the other supplied with a strong string about four feet in length, with a stick eight inches in length secured to its end. Through the center log, in the back of the pen, and about two feet from the ground, an auger hole should be made. The bait stick with bait attached should be inserted through this hole from the inside, and the spindle caught on the outside between its projecting end and a nail driven in the adjoining upright. For a bear the bait should consist of a piece of meat scented with burned honeycomb. The odor of honey will tempt a bear into almost any trap, and even into such close quarters as the above he will enter without the slightest suspicion, when a feast of honey is in view.

The victim steals in the trap to get his prey. He dislodges the stick and the door falls, making him a prisoner.

This trap is much used in India and Asia for the capture of the tiger, and the jaguar of South America is frequently entrapped by the same devices.

HOW TO TRAP MUSKRATS.

The muskrat, or musquash, is very much like a beaver on a small scale, and is so well-known throughout the United States that a detailed description or illustration will hardly be necessary. Reduce the size of the beaver to one foot in length, and add a long flattened tail, instead of the spatula-shaped appendage of this animal, and we will have a pretty good specimen of a muskrat. The body has that same thick-set appearance, and the gnawing teeth are very large and powerful. Like the beaver, the muskrat builds its dome-like huts in ponds or swamps, which it frequents, and although not as large as those of the beaver they are constructed in the same manner and of the same materials. Muskrats are mostly nocturnal in their habits; they are tireless swimmers, and in the winter travel great distances beneath the ice; all of which peculiarities are like the beaver. The food is quite variable, consisting of grass and roots, oats, corn and other grain, apples and nuts, and even tomatoes, turnips, carrots, mussels and clams, whenever these can be found.

The usual method of trapping them is to set the trap under two inches of water on the projecting logs or stones on the border of the streams where the signs of the animal indicate its recent presence. The trap should of course be secured by a chain, which will lead the animal into deep water when captured, and thus effect its

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speedy death by drowning. In this case bait is not necessary. If their feeding grounds can be discovered, or if their tracks indicate any particular spot where they crawl ashore at the water's edge, at this point a trap may be set with good success. In this instance it is well also to set it under water, baiting with a piece of turnip, parsnip, apple or the like, suspended a few inches above the pan of the trap. Late in the fall, when collecting their building material, they often form large beds of dried grasses and sticks, and a trap set in these beds and covered with some loose substance such as grass, chaff, or the like, will often secure the animal. The trap, in this case, should be attached to a spring pole—that is, a pole which will jerk the trap into the air if pulled on, as the muskrat is a wonderful adept at self-amputation when its escape depends upon it.

The trap is sometimes set in the interior of the house, and may be accomplished by first breaking an opening in the wall, near the ice, the trap being inserted and set, afterward covering it with the loose grass and moss, which is generally abundant in the interior of these huts. When this is done, the chain should be secured to a stick on the outside, and the hole repaired. No spring or sliding pole is necessary in this method, as the animal when caught will immediately run for the water, and the weight of the trap will sink and drown its prisoner.

Scent baits are sometimes used in trapping the muskrat, the musk taken from the female animal being particularly valued. The oils of rhodium and amber are also successfully employed by many trappers; a few drops of either in the neighborhood of the trap, or directly upon it, are sufficient.

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EXCHANGE COLUMN.

(Notice.—This column is free to all our readers. We cannot be responsible for transactions made through notices in this column. All offers must be strictly exchange offers, and no "for sale" advertisements, or exchanges of firearms, explosives, or dangerous or worthless articles will be printed. Address all communications for this column to "Exchange Column.")

Following are a number of exchange notices which have been recently received for publication in this weekly:

FALSE MUSTACHE.—F. A. Russell, New Haven, Conn., will give one false mustache, a new autograph album, a pack of French transparent views, 200 foreign stamps and scrap pictures, for every three numbers of Buffalo Bill Weekly sent him

BOYS' PAPERS.—E. W. Mitchell, New Carlisle, Ohio, has six volumes of boys' papers to exchange for the best offer in boxing gloves, or musical instruments.

MAGAZINES.—L. E. Daley, 520 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio, has valuable articles, and magazines, to exchange for a self-inking printing press, 5x8, without type, or a hand-inking press of same size chase and two fonts of type and outfit. Send for list.

NOVELS.—Frank L. McKenney, Stroudwater, Me., has novels and other reading matter to exchange for same.

TIN TAGS.—A. B. Kingsley, Cortland, N. Y., has a large variety of tin tags, a stamp album, and nearly 300 rare foreign and U. S. stamps, all different, also varieties of postmarks and books, to exchange for a banjo in good order.

PRINTING PRESS.—F. L. Moreland, Adrian, Mich., has a 6x9 Columbian No. 2 printing press to exchange for paper cutter or best offer in printing material.

CIGARETTE PICTURES.—Leonard Brown, Eugene, Ore., has 300 cigarette pictures, 200 foreign stamps, and 100 postmarks to exchange for a pair of field glasses or best offer.

NOVELS.—A. S. Armagnac, Montclair, N. J., has novels, magazines, coins and Confederate money, to exchange for whole volumes of boys' papers bound or unbound.

GUITAR.—Fred Riley, Decorah, Iowa, has a \$9 guitar to exchange for best offer.

BOYS' PAPERS.—E. F. Swett, Auburn, Me., has four volumes and a half of boys' papers, and a small photograph camera and outfit to exchange for best offer.

LIST.—P. H. Jaquith, Norwich, Conn., has a list of valuable articles to exchange for a printing press, with or without type, self or hand-inker, chase not less than 4x6.

BOXING GLOVES.—Frank J. Clark, Taunton, Mass., has set of boxing gloves, bull's-eye lantern, album of capitols, stamp album (empty), and History of the United States to exchange for a banjo or best offer.

NOVELS.—J. Glace, 231 Palethorpe St., Philadelphia, Pa., has novels, 600 mixed stamps, and magazines, to exchange for a banjo, violin, telegraphic outfit or best offer.

STAMPS.—Chas. Schoenberg, Menomonie, Wis., has ten different foreign stamps for one stamp of South or Central America, and fifty foreign mixed stamps, for one large United States copper cent.

BOYS' PAPERS.—J. E. Lee, 47 Brookline St., Cambridgeport, Mass., has one volume of boys' papers for best offer of stamps, seven five cent novels for a ninety cent purple, 1888, U. S., and one ten cent novel for a thirty cent brown, 1888.

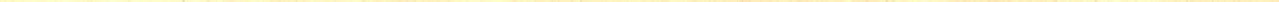
FALSE MUSTACHE.—Fred A. Roscoe, Fair Haven, Conn., has a false mustache, autograph album, pen, 500 foreign stamps, scrap pictures, songs, etc., to exchange for every copy of the Shield Weekly in good condition.

TYPE.—Morris Tilton, 703 Nic. Av., Minneapolis, Minn., has twelve alphabets of agate type, which have never been used, to exchange for best offer of foreign stamps.

CIGARETTE CARDS.—J. A. Peterson, 25 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass., has 1175 cigarette cards, ten cigarette albums, and 500 U. S. postmarks to exchange for best offer.

ICE SKATES.—Willie Anderson, West Bridgewater, Pa., has a pair of clamp ice skates to exchange for a banjo.

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